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THE BYSTANDER August 23, 1939

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## The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

*August 23—August 29*

First Night and Matinee days are correct at going to press, but readers are advised to check them with the dailies

### THEATRES

#### Straight Plays

ALIEN CORN.—Margaretta Scott gives a strong performance as a thwarted pianist-refugee in Sidney Howard's well-acted play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protegé: Duchess, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

COUNTERFEIT.—Comedy and gangsterism agreeably mixed, plus an ingenious surprise for the audience; a pleasing performance: Duke of York's, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GROUSE IN JUNE.—A fresh and witty light comedy about Americans in Scotland with Richard Goolden, Constance Lorne, Billie Ryan: New, 8.40. Tues. Sat., 2.30.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST.—Careful production and powerful cast—Gielgud, Edith Evans, Peggy Ashcroft, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies—revive this frothy Wilde: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Thurs. 2.30.

MALVERN FESTIVAL.—Six new plays comprise the programme; by Shaw, S. I. Hsiung, Sir Robert Vansittart, Bridie, Alexander Knox and Misses Price and Miller: Malvern Winter Garden Theatre.

THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET.—Barré Lyndon's thriller, with Leslie Banks as the centre of the mystery, is now at the Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OF MICE AND MEN.—Claire Luce, Niall MacGinnis and John Mills in John Steinbeck's strong, grim American tale: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

ONLY YESTERDAY.—Adrian Brunel's life-in-war-time play has Irene Vanbrugh, Dorothy Hyson, Colin Keith-Johnston: Playhouse 8.30 (except Mon.). Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOBIAS AND THE ANGEL.—Bridie's apocryphal frolic at the Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. (Last week).

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Comedy, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE WOMEN.—Clare Boothe's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

#### With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Frances Day and Vic Oliver head a lively cast and chorus in this "intimate rag": Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes is Ivor Novello's current musical setting with Mary Ellis and Roma Beaumont: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Bruce Carfax and Doris Francis are successors to Welchman and Edith Day in this revival; cheap seats: Garrick, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The author and the cast (Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, etc.) of *Nine Sharp* turn further witty lights on contemporary phenomena: Little, 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 9. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and Teddie St. Denis continue to hand out laughs generously in the low-down on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE NO. 125.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

#### Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Palladium (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.30 and 9); and the Prince of Wales's (2-11.30 non-stop).

*"Tobias and the Angel"*

*Bridie's jolly apocryphal piece is probably the best production of this summer at the Open Air Theatre and has furthermore been favoured by the weather; it is now in its last week. Herewith Leslie French as Tobias, Robert Eddison as the Angel, Edana Romney as Sara; in the background, Regent's Park foliage*

#### First Nights

SITTING PRETTY.—Firth Shephard's team—Sydney Howard, Vera Pearce, Arthur Riscoe—joined by Patricia Burke, in a new Furber musical: Prince's, 8.15 Wed., Sat. 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Tues., Thurs. 2.30

SPOTTED DICK.—From Brighton; this is said to be a typical Travers' farce, with Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton, and Joyce Barbour (a newcomer to farce): Strand, to-night, 23rd.

BUXTON FESTIVAL.—*Romeo and Juliet* opens the Old Vic's out-of-town season, with Robert Donat and Constance Cummings as the lovers: Buxton, Mon., 28th.

TWELFTH NIGHT.—With music and dances, this light fantastic closes the Regent's Park season: Mon., 28th.

### CINEMAS

BEAU GESTE (American).—The old exciting Legion stuff remade with Gary Cooper, Ray Milland and Robert Preston as the Gestes: Plaza.

CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY (American).—Edward G. Robinson in a new role as investigator of audaciously authentic German espionage: Warner and Regal. (Last days).

DODGE CITY (American).—A tough Western in Technicolor; pioneers, tricksters; Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Ann Sheridan: Warner.

DRAME DE SHANGHAI (French).—Louis Jouvet in war-menaced China; a Pabst film: Academy.

LA FEMME DU BOULANGER (French).—A coarse, jolly, satirical tale of Provençal village life; trade, feuds cocuage and Raimu: Berkeley

THE FOUR FEATHERS (British).—John Clements, Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith and June Duprez are in the A. E. W. Mason story filmed: Marble Arch Pavilion.

ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS (American).—High and low flying over a banana-port for love and honour; Cary Grant, Jean Arthur: Regal (from Friday).

LES OTAGES (French).—An exquisite film of an incident in the life of a war-immersed French village; Charpin, Larquey, Annie Vernay, and nameless artistes all immaculate: Paris.

Q PLANES (British).—A thriller of the conventional spy sort plus that little something that makes it worth seeing; Valerie Hobson, Ralph Richardson, Laurence Olivier: Tivoli.

RETOUR À L'AUBE (French).—Danielle Darrieux and Pierre Dux act well, but have a poor story and not brilliant direction: Studio One.

ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE (American).—Partly musical—Al Jolson is that part—and partly loving—Alice Faye and Tyrone Power are that part: Gaumont.

THE SPY IN BLACK (British).—Conrad Veidt, Sebastian Shaw, Valerie Hobson in some dirty work in the Orkneys: Odeon.

STAGECOACH (American).—Excellent portrayal of the characters thrown together on a journey: Dominion.

WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND (American).—Warner Baxter and Loretta Young are the two, Binnie Barnes the third; and the story is about vocal ambition: New Gallery.

### BALLET

RAM GOPAL.—The Hindu dancer, with his company of dancers and musicians, gives a season of classical Indian dances: Aldwych, 8.45. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

### MUSIC

THE PROMS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra at the Queen's Hall, nightly at 8:

BRAHMS CONCERT.—Variations on a theme of Haydn, violin concerto in D (Telmanyi), 3rd Symphony; also Rutland Boughton's oboe concerto (Leon Goossens): to-night, 23rd.

ROMANTIC CONCERT.—Heddle Nash and Moiseiwitsch in a Strauss, Mozart, Rachmaninoff, Honegger, Williams, Busoni, Liszt, Delius programme: Thurs., 24th.

BEETHOVEN CONCERT.—"King Stephen" overture, violin concerto in D (Sammons), 4th Symphony, Adagio from "Prometheus" ballet-music, 2nd Symphony: Fri., 25th.

POPULAR CONCERT.—Programme includes Weber's "Oberon" overture, Verdi and Boughton songs (Stiles-Allen, Trefor Jones), Glazounov's piano concerto in F minor (Pouishnoff), Debussy's "Après-Midi d'un Faune," Elgar's Enigma variations: Sat., 26th.

WAGNER CONCERT.—May Blyth and Parry Jones in excerpts from the operas: Mon., 28th.

SCHUMANN-MOZART CONCERT.—The former's 4th Symphony, piano concerto in A minor (Solomon); the latter's piano concerto 24 in C minor, "Magic Flute" overture; songs by both (Roy Henderson): Tues., 29th.

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# The Bystander

*Anthony*

## Portrait of La Camargo, by Alicia Markova

In less than a fortnight Markova will be dancing again in London, with Massine's company, the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. Their two weeks' season opens on September 4th at Covent Garden. Five new ballets, four by Massine, one by Frederick Ashton, and *Boutique Fantasque*, re-set and re-dressed by Derain, are almost an embarrassment of riches in so short a time. Balletomanes have rushed to the sea and the mountains to prepare themselves for their first sight of *Rouge et Noir* (Shostakovitch-Massine-Matisse), *Diable S'Amuse* (Tomasini, Ashton, Berman), *Capriccio Espagnol* (Rimsky-Korsakoff, Massine-Argentinita, Andreu), *Bogatyri* (Borodine, Massine, Gontcharova), *Venusberg* (Wagner, Massine, Dali). Markova is said to have one of the great parts of her career in the Shostakovitch symphonic ballet. This picture of her was made after her appearance as Camargo for the Royal Academy of Dancing in July

***Mr. Eden goes to camp . . .*** *Marching from Montagu Street through the shopping quarter, over the Thames to Waterloo this month, went the 2nd Rangers, King's Royal Rifle Corps (T.A.), and at their head with a fellow officer marched Major Anthony Eden, M.C., second-in-command. Another fellow ex-member of the Cabinet rejoined his regiment last week, Mr. Duff Cooper, Grenadier Guards*

*At Waterloo, the 2nd Rangers entrained for the camp site that flooded before summer gave Major Eden, still dogged by the roving photo- his men march in to take up their quarters manding the Battalion is Lieut.-Col. R. L. Bennett,*

# The Passing Hour

## Comments and Asides

## By A. G. Macdonell

THE similarity between August 1938 and August 1939 is growing more unpleasantly painful every day. The war of nerves is becoming intensified; German mobilisation is reaching its peacetime peak; frontier incidents are increasing; German Press attacks on Poland are venomous and shrill. The only difference that I can see is that in 1939 London has got some anti-aircraft guns and Poland has not got Lord Runciman.

IT came as a rather unpleasant shock that within a very few hours—minutes almost—of the rising of Parliament, the Government announced that it proposed to hand over the four Chinese in Tientsin to the Japanese-controlled courts of North China. It may be only a coincidence, but it is not a happy one. As for imagining that this ignominious climb-down is going to halt the march of Japanese aggression, no one but the most fantastic optimist is going to believe it for a second. As a matter of fact, it isn't really optimism. It 's just downright ignorance of universal psychology.

AND an immediate proof that this facile optimism about Tientsin is unjustified is provided by the Japs themselves. Japanese troops, within a few days after the British Government proposed to hand over the four Chinese, have suddenly appeared in front of Hong Kong. So the wheel continues to turn inexorably. Sir John Simon's retreat in Manchuria has not yet ceased to bring evil for the British Empire. Nor will it cease for a long while, unless a new policy is swiftly adopted.

IT is well known that during the Spanish Civil War certain influential elements in Gibraltar, naval, military, and civilian, were very strongly on the side of General Franco. There is no secret about this. It was openly avowed. I wonder if they are quite so keen about the position now. The Spanish Fascist newspapers are already clamouring for the cession of Gibraltar, and Marshal Goering's newspaper is vigorously supporting them. And the wife of an officer of the garrison has been maltreated and fined £120 for failing to give the Fascist salute at a bull-fight in Algeciras.

INCIDENTALLY, while German press-propaganda is raging against us, William Hickey, famous columnist of the *Daily Express*, has unearthed an amusing story with a moral. The *Koelnische Zeitung*, in September, 1914, wrote that the war would extinguish Great Britain. "Then the once mighty Empire, with her naval strength represented by the few old tubs which Germany will have left her, will become the laughing-stock of the nations." In 1919 the *K.Z.* bore the heading every day: "Published by permission of the British Authorities."

NOT so long ago, Sir John Simon made a "request" to the City of London that foreign securities should not be bought during the time of crisis. He suggested, in effect, that the export of capital just now was against the interests of the country. And have the patriotic boys in the City responded? Not they. There 's a big rush for American securities. The youth of the country are training to fight and be killed, but Big Business goes its own way.

THE dismissal of an A.R.P. volunteer from his air-wardenship in Birmingham for criticising the local A.R.P. organisation in a letter to the Press, carries the whole muddle one step further. The civil population is not being greatly encouraged by the general incompetence of officialdom as it is; if constructive criticism is to be suppressed as well, people will begin to murmur more loudly than ever.

THE old question of the employment of foreign artists, actors, musicians, and so on, crops up from time to time. A curious side-light on it comes from the Television Department of the B.B.C. Complaints have been made to the folk at the Alexandra Palace about the number of foreigners who televise. The answer is that certain managements which control 80 per cent. of the variety artists of the country specifically ban television in their contracts. And yet, so far as the technical side goes, Britain is ahead of the world in television.

THE great Tory women's campaign for the flogging of men and boys continues gaily. Last week four boys were remanded by the Liverpool Juvenile Court on the charge of house-breaking. In the interval between the remand and the resumption of the case, and *before the defence of the lads had been opened*, the lady who was the presiding magistrate is reported by a Press interviewer to have talked about this case and to have added, as a sort of after-thought,

*Beaulieu, Hampshire, way to early autumn. graphers, watched under canvas. Com- a lawyer in civil life*

*Eden was a captain in the K.R.R.C., won his M.C. and the rank of Brigade-Major as a general staff officer in the last war. Now he prepares for the next*

*But the press puts itself before military duties, and made the former Foreign Secretary pose with the regiment's mascot, Scandal*

*The cameras followed Eden on an inspection round, took him with another press favourite, the Bren gun. The Rangers are the "motorised" infantry component of their armoured division*

that bad boys ought to get six strokes of the birch every day for a week (a sentence unknown to British law). The lads' solicitor forced the lady to leave the Bench when the case came up again.

MR. A. P. HERBERT has lost his fight to save Oxford University from being officially associated, in the articles of registration of a public company, with Buchmanismus. Dr. Buchman has launched his company and, of the eleven subscribers whose names appear in the registration, eight are labelled with the names of Oxford Colleges. Three men come badly out of this sorry business—Mr. Oliver Stanley, President of the Board of Trade, who sanctioned it; Sir Arthur Salter, Mr. Herbert's colleague, who stood aloof from it; Lord Hugh Cecil, who blessed it.

WHAT a vast, cosmos-shaking laugh the shade of Rabelais must be laughing in the Elysian Fields to hear that he has been banned in Italy by the Fascist Index. He will go rolling down to the ghostly Mermaid Tavern to break the news to Shakespeare and Falstaff and Cervantes, and they will drink a terrific draught of sack to the health of the little black-shirted comics who thought up such a good joke. M. de Voltaire, also banned, will be sitting in a corner, smiling ironically.

LEWES JAIL and the Louvre have more in common than just a capital L. Thieves can stroll out of both of them with the most complete ease and detachment. The gentleman who wanted a picture by Watteau simply unhooked it from the wall of the gallery and took it home. The gentleman who wished to remove himself from the special observation cell at Lewes unlocked the door and trotted into the town in his lingerie. The cops thought he was a Territorial practising for a long-distance race.

DR. TANCRED BORENIUS is coming nearly to the end of his six years' work on the site of Clarendon Palace, near Salisbury. It was in the Great Hall of the Palace that Parliament met in the reign of Henry III. in the twelfth century, and then even its site was lost for centuries. Dr. Borenius rediscovered it by chance six years ago, and now he has uncovered the foundations of the whole Palace, with a wonderful treasure of works of art in metal, stone, pottery, and glass. It is a notable blow for the Powers of Light on the Vandal Front.

MR. J. B. MORTON'S new book of extracts from his immortal "By the Way" column in the *Express* is announced. It is called *A Bonfire of Weeds*. I opened a proof-copy at random this morning and came on a song which began:

> Rosetti had a little dog,
> His name was Buffalo.
> And everywhere Rosetti went
> The dog refused to go.

THE fox-hunting boys and girls are stirring in their long æstivation (which is the opposite of hibernation). Meanwhile, a gentleman has written a passionate defence of hunting, in the *Peterborough Advertiser*, and in bad grammar, which contains this remarkable statement: "Suppose you had a fox which possessed a decided love of the hunt. How would you treat him? This is a problem which they (the opponents of hunting) have never answered, not even to their own satisfaction, more especially to that of others."

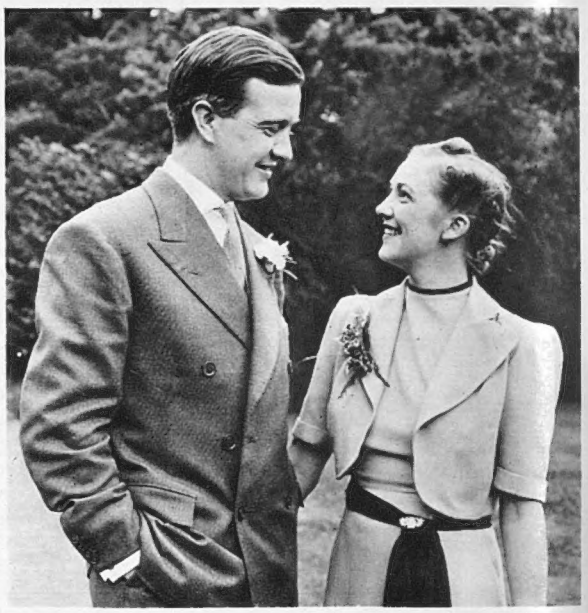
LAST week I was playing cricket in the West Country, and I saw a catch made, the like of which neither I nor anyone else on the field had ever seen before. The batsman snicked the ball to the wicket-keeper, who was standing up close to the wicket. The ball went into the keeper's gloves and bounced out again towards the batsman. With a great lunge, the wicket-keeper just managed to hit the ball with the tips of his fingers on to the batsman's back, and then, throwing himself forward, he caught the ball an inch from the ground, one-handed, as it rebounded off the batsman.

***Mr. Maxton sees the Games . .*** *the I.L.P. Member for Bridgeton was at the Inverary Highland Games, held at Stable Park, was photographed congratulating wrestler W. Harrison on his performance. With them is the Games president, Mr. Andrew R. Page*

## The Salvation Army: General Evangeline Booth Retires and the High Council Assembles in London to Choose Her Successor

*General Evangeline Booth, head of the Salvation Army throughout the world since 1934, aged seventy-three, retires next month. The High Council met last week for the third time in its history to choose a successor. Before the sessions opened at Clapton, General Booth gave a reception to 200 delegates. With her here are Commissioner Lamb, Commissioner Parker, U.S.A., president of the Council, and Commissioner Damon, U.S.A., rumoured as a possible successor to General Booth*

*Col. Mary Booth (Belgium), daughter of Gen. Bramwell Booth, was one of the only two women delegates among the fifty-five members of the High Council. Her sister, Commissioner Catherine Booth, is the other. So the new General might still be a Booth. Col. Booth here is between Commissioners Maxwell (London) and Carpenter (Canada)*



*Wedding: Andrew Cruickshank, Curigwen Lewis*

*Left: Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Dowding (nickname "Stuffy"), C.-in-C. "Westland," the defensive side in the recent air-war practice, had his son, Pilot-Officer Derek Dowding, as co-pilot when he made a flying tour of his bases. Young Dowding has just passed out of Cranwell*

*Right: Mr. Andrew Cruickshank and Curigwen Lewis were married in the bride's native land, Wales, last week. They met two years ago acting at the Old Vic. She made her name as Jane Eyre*

*Flying: a Father and Son*

*Arrival: Mr. and Mrs. John C. Wilson from America*

*On the Ile de France from New York came John C. Wilson and his wife (formerly Princess Natalie Paley). The theatrical presenter's arrival is the first sign of new London activity by Noel Coward; this autumn will see two new Coward plays, given on alternate nights at the Phœnix: "Sweet Sorrow" and "This Happy Breed"*

*Engagement: Penrose Tennyson and Nova Pilbeam*

*Pen Tennyson is twenty-six, a great-grandson of the poet, a film director; Nova Pilbeam is nineteen, an actress on stage and films, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Pilbeam. They announced their engagement first of all to producer Michael Balcon, for whom they have worked since the respective ages of nineteen and fourteen. They will marry when not busy.*

*Shooting: the Earl of Glasgow and His Daughter*

*Lord Glasgow had a party at Kelburn Castle, Ayrshire, for the opening of the grouse shooting season. Out on the Knockenden moors he sat in the grass between drives with his daughter, Lady Hersey Boyle, while she re-arranged a bandage on his hand. He used to be a sailor, and his son, Viscount Kelburn, is a Naval Lieutenant. Lord Kelburn's son and heir was born last month. (More grouse-shooting pictures are on pp. 300-301)*

*Flying Again: Hindenburg Survivors*

*Two inveterate air travellers whose taste for flying was evidently not shattered by their passage in, and escape from, the Hindenburg when she burnt out in New York, have now transferred their allegiance to heavier-than-air flight, and left Southampton last week in the "Clipper": Danish Hans Vin Holt, and Major Gladstone Murray. With them, "Miss Britain". (Marjorie Farrage)*

# News Reel

*Departure: Tyrone Power*

*Back to Paris and Annabella last week went Tyrone Power, after a flying visit to London which seemed, according to the dailies, to consist chiefly of mobbings at cinemas. English fans were disapointed he didn't bring his new wife with him*

*Coming of Age: the Marquess of Hartington and Four of his Friends at the Chatsworth Party*

*The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire's elder son was twenty-one last December. But owing to the death of his grandfather, the ninth Duke, his coming-of-age was only celebrated last week. His parents gave a two-day party to 5000 guests at Chatsworth, the huge family place in Derbyshire. He is in the middle here, with the Marquess of Granby, the Duke of Rutland's heir, and Lady Irene Haig on his right, Lord Andrew Cavendish and C. H. Waterhouse on his left. The Duke of Devonshire arrived home from his South African tour three weeks earlier. He is Under-Secretary for Dominion Affairs*

*"* ***Your christian name*** *has an irresistible fascination. The simplicity of your character makes you exquisitely incomprehensible to me. . . . What is your address in the country?" This speech by Gwendolen to John Worthing (Act I.) contains the clue to the play's title, the clue to the play's plot (as Algy overhears and notes the address on his cuff), and, sandwiched between, a typical Wilde witticism. (John Gielgud, Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, Jack Hawkins)*

***At the address in the country*** *is the Manor House where John Worthing, known as Earnest in town, keeps his eighteen-year-old ward and her governess, Miss Prism, whose only excitement is the visits of Dr. Chasuble, the rector. "Were I fortunate enough to be Miss Prism's pupil, I would hang upon her lips," says the amorous divine, adding hastily, "I spoke metaphorically." (Peggy Ashcroft, George Howe, Margaret Rutherford)*

# "The Importance of Being Earnest" at the Globe

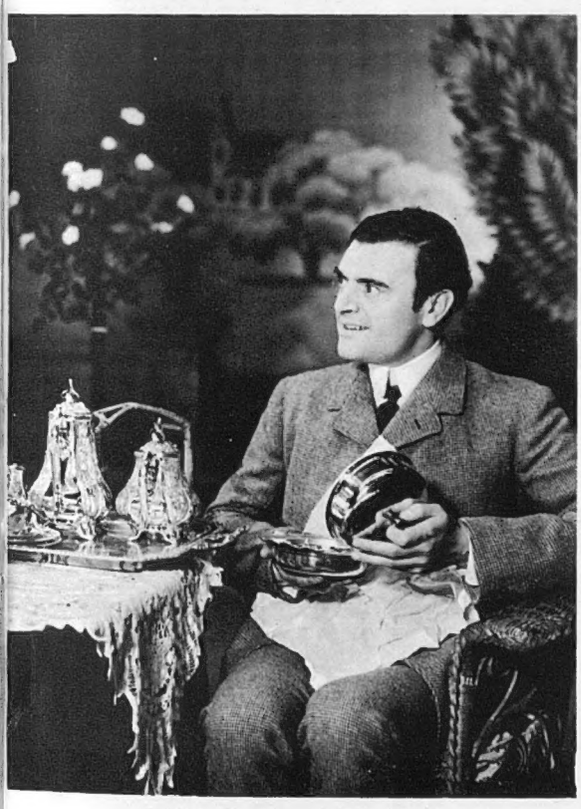
AT the St. James's Theatre on February 14th, 1895, *The Importance of Being Earnest* was given for the first time. Beforehand, someone asked Oscar Wilde if he thought the play would be a success. "My dear fellow, you have got it wrong," replied Wilde. "The play is a success. The only question is whether the first-night audience will be one." Last Wednesday, forty-four years afterwards, the first-night audience was a great success. It would have been surprising if they had not been. The play has proved its brilliance over decades, is now a minor classic. The cast is one of the strongest in established talent that has been assembled for a long time. The production (Gielgud's) is carefully balanced. And the décor (Motley's), which drew applause as each new scene discovered itself, is a masterly exposition in that stage Victorianism which has been so much observed lately. All the characters, except three servants, are in these photographs. Our critic will review the play next week

***The young ladies quarrel*** *at tea over their different claims to the non-existent Earnest, and cross swords in a witty duel: "I never knew there were any flowers in the country," says town-bred Gwendolen. "Oh, flowers are as common here, Miss Fairfax, as people are in London," retorts Cecily. (Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies, Peggy Ashcroft)*

***The young men quarrel*** *over muffins. muffins when we are in this horrible muffins in an agitated manner. The butter eat muffins quite calmly. It is the*

***Lady Bracknell,*** *haughty and mercenary, nobly contoured and nobly unbending, is a striking portrait—highly caricatured—of the latter-day grande dame; and many Wilde gems drop from her lips. No actress could pilot this full-rigged part better than Edith Evans*

***The action begins*** *with Algy's move to Worthing's country house. Algy, fond of getting into scrapes and outside muffins, learns that Worthing conceals a lovely ward in Hertfordshire, goes thither under cover of a visit to his fictitious invalid friend Bunbury just as Worthing arrives in mourning to announce the death of his fictitious brother Earnest—in whose guise Algy has presented himself. To the tremulous encouragement of the rector and the governess, the ward, Cecily, forces the outraged Worthing to shake his "brother's" hand. "Well it is the last time I shall do it." (Jack Hawkins, George Howe, Peggy Ashcroft, Margaret Rutherford, John Gielgud)*



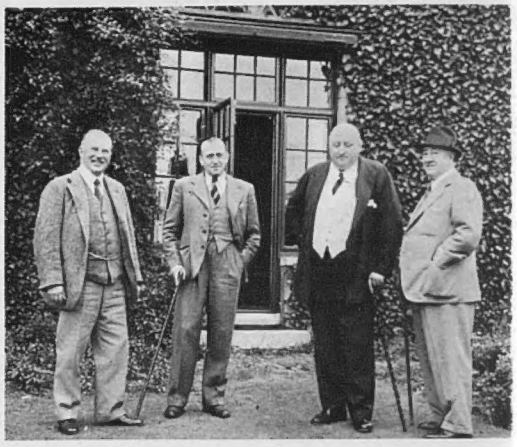
*Worthing: "How you can sit there calmly eating trouble, I can't make out." Algy: "Well, I can't eat would probably get on my cuffs. One should always only way to eat them." (Gielgud, Hawkins)*

***"Prism, where is that baby?"*** *The dénouement comes at Lady Bracknell's hands, when it is discovered that the child placed in a handbag twenty years ago by the governess, and left at Victoria Station cloakroom (the Brighton Line), is John Worthing, which makes him Algy's brother in fact and gives him the important name of Earnest. (George Howe, Edith Evans, Margaret Rutherford)*

# Viscount Castlerosse at Home

***Lord Castlerosse*** *is by now in Canada with his chief, Lord Beaverbrook. He was seriously ill earlier this year but made a speedy recovery which his Canadian trip should complete for him. He told his Sunday readers all about his packing and departure ten days ago in his own inimitable, witty, confidential (he likes "immense sponges") way. Not the least endearing of his qualities as a journalist is his modest frankness; for example, his determination to begin a vigorous life "to-morrow . . . for if there is a war I do not wish to waddle into action like a duck." In the last war, a captain in the Irish Guards, he was wounded and a prisoner of war. He is forty-eight, elder son of the fifth Earl of Kenmare*

***Kenmare House*** *was originally the stables, but was re-designed by Lutyens after the big house was burnt out in 1913*



***Week-end party*** *at Kenmare House, Lord Kenmare's home, included Major Sir Guy Campbell, John Gilmore-Wood, Lord Castlerosse (in London clothes), and Reginald Purbrick, M.P.*

***Killarney golf course*** *by the lovely lakes of Killarney is being laid out by Sir Guy Campbell, should be finished this autumn; will rank high among the world's courses for beauty. This is the thirteenth hole. These snapshots were taken during a week-end when Lord Castlerosse flew over from London to Kenmare to inspect the course, shortly before he left for Canada*

***Rosse Castle*** *(whence Castlerosse), built early in the fourteenth century on the banks of the Lakes of Killarney, was the last stronghold in Ireland to submit to the Roundheads. It has been in the Kenmare family for about 300 years*

# The Theatre

### "*In Good King Charles's Golden Days*" (*Malvern Festival*)

THE phenomenon continues. Mr. Shaw in his eighties is like a Bradman making for his century with a succession of crashing boundary hits. *Geneva*, first hit of his octogenarian phase, ran in London for the greater part of a gloomy year, drawing laughter more spontaneous than many of the more frankly frivolous pieces on at the same time succeeded in getting. Now *In Good King Charles's Golden Days* comes along to put utterly into the shade the best five new plays that the promoters of the Malvern Festival could collect to represent the modern theatre. Of course (the other Malvern dramatists have the consolation of knowing) it is not a play. It is a series of imaginary conversations between historical characters who are extremely unlikely ever to have met in the same house. Charles the Second calls upon Isaac Newton at Cambridge, and so do his brother (the future James the Second) and George Fox (founder of the Society of Friends), and Nell Gwynn and her rivals, their Graces of Cleveland and Portsmouth. They converse. That is all. There is no story. There is no conclusion to the conversations. Yet I shall be surprised if London audiences do not conclude for themselves that these conversations are first-rate entertainment.

IF I am wrong it will be, I suppose, because this time Mr. Shaw is less ready than usual to relieve the intellectual tension with horseplay. Once Charles chivvies a Duchess down the stairs and once the learned Newton tries to throw the Duke of York through the window, but this kind of relief is sparingly used. The vast majority of the jokes are designed to reveal character or clinch some political, artistic or scientific argument. Newton imagines that the really serious part of his life's work is research into the Book of Daniel with the object of confounding Popery. When he yields to the temptation to find out what three sevenpences amount to by means of logarithm and anti-logarithm or how many adulteries a man has time to commit in three-score years and ten, he is thoroughly ashamed of his weakness for figures. A scratching match between the ladies is put in to enable Nell Gwynn to recite passages from her parts at Drury Lane, thus reminding us that she was an actress as well as a mistress.

FOR the point of the play—and really most of the apparently discursive dialogue turns out to be a sticking to the point—is that the man we remember as the Merry Monarch with a bevy of naughty beauties in his train was, in fact, an astute and wary politician reigning by his wits, a man of enlightened taste and, in spite of all his infidelities, an excellent husband. The whole of the last act is given up to Charles's excellence as a husband, and there emerges from it the portrait of a woman, herself able and ambitious, who counts her ambitions well lost in the conventionally ill-requited service of a man who is a man of genius and a dear. With Mr. Ernest Thesiger as Charles, Miss Irene Vanbrugh as Catherine of Braganza, Mr. Cecil Trouncer as Newton, and Miss Yvonne Arnaud to lead the ladies, Mr. Shaw is well served.—A. V. C.

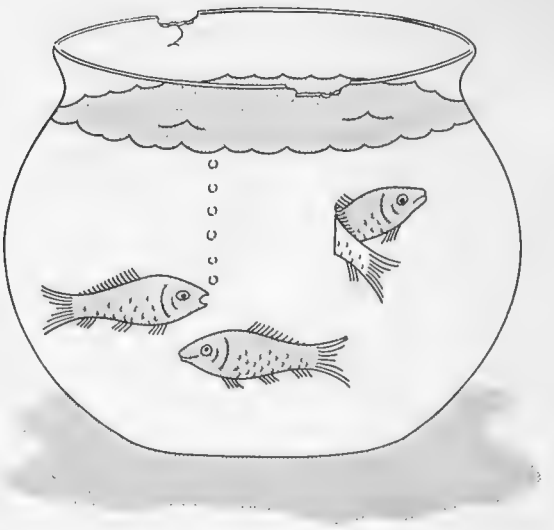
*Charles II., the Merry Monarch, in a new light (Ernest Thesiger), and Louise, Duchess of Portsmouth (Yvonne Arnaud)*

*Catherine of Braganza, a good Queen to a good King (Irene Vanbrugh; in her dressing-room)*

# Standing By . . .

## One Thing and Another

## By D. B. Wyndham Lewis



*"He used to live in a square bowl"*

MUCH more interesting than the usual pseudo-Druidic hoochymacooch at this year's Welch National Eisteddfod at Denbigh was the case of the Poet Who Strayed From The Subject. The subject was "World Convulsions," and the theme of the best poem out of nineteen submitted turned out to be magnificent but sombre, arguing that escape from the world's tumults (we quote the *Times* report) could be found "by climbing to some high tower, and this tower could be reached through suicide." This greatly excited the 10,000 Druids, bards, choristers, pastors, flower-girls, and milkmen present, and with great regret they withheld the crown on a technical objection. Loving the Welch dearly as we do, and being sincerely sorry for them, we cannot help feeling that the old Cymric imagination let 'em down badly here. Enthralled and intoxicated by this flight of macabre fancy, the Druids should have burst into a divine frenzy, waving their knives like their old buddies the priests of Baal, and cut their throats in cadence to the strains of "Men of Harlech" by the Crwgffryddgrwthryw Silver Prize Band; which would have been a perfect exit from the world, and would have obviated this year, at least, a great deal of mediocre song-and-dance, even if it deprived fifty reverend bards of their literary awards.

Not since the Albigenses, if our ageing memory does not deceive us, has suicide been thus officially recommended as the Way Out, and it may be that this is the spiritual lead the Island Race has been looking for? Not long ago a French *persifleur* produced a beautiful handbook with coloured pictures illustrating 100 ways of doing yourself in. The one we chiefly remember was putting yourself through a mangle. This seems extremely difficult, but is evidently not impossible. We look to our admired old Slogger J. B. S. Haldane—who has conducted so many near-lethal experiments on his torso in the cause of Science, and who recently offered to test the value of Government air-raid shelters by having himself bombed while occupying one—to take this matter up.

### *Bogey*

THE banning of *Time*, the American news-magazine, by the Federation of London Wholesale Newsagents—the boys say frankly they are scared of libel actions—is rather a comic footnote to current speeches by political and other windbags about the fearless freedom of British Democracy, the envy of the civilised world. The fact being, as everybody knows, that no country in the world suffers the monotonous tyranny of libel laws like ours. They are Oriental in their baffling subtlety. Nobody knows where they begin or where they leave off. They sit and wait, like some sadistic smiling mandarin digesting a heavy meal, and pounce at the unexpected moment. As G. K. Chesterton said, there *is* no British Law of Libel, which is why everybody is so much afraid of it. It's a shadowy, elusive terror striking at random, and capable of being exploited to all sorts of ends. You may have forgotten the case of a gentleman some years ago who got thumping damages from a newspaper which was running a serial story in which a dubious character happened to bear his name? The trial was pure Chinese comedy. The judge repeatedly pointed out to the jury that the defendants had never heard of the prosecutor (nor had anybody else), and counsel in the case never for a moment pretended that the story was an attack on him. So he got his damages, and some time afterwards the law was vaguely amended, not by Parliament but by another judge, talking at random, and made still more vague. And so it still remains: the Crooks' Charter—it is impossible to warn the public in advance of any shady financial coup, for example, though it may be the common talk of the City—and the Lawyers' Eldorado.

The result is that the Fleet Street boys find it too dangerously expensive to print much of the truth, and this is an enduring agony to their upright, sensitive natures. If you don't believe it, pause outside the Falstaff any time during opening hours and listen to the sobbing.

*"Well, General, here's to mechanization!"*

### *Dope*

DR. GOEBBELS'S boys scored a new "high," even amid the present raving hullabaloo of propaganda from every quarter, when they sent a copy of that Dantzig pamphlet with which they are bombarding the universe to an English maiden lady living in seclusion in a village on the Italian Riviera. She mildly observed to Auntie *Times* that this seems rather a waste of money, and she was right. We doubt also if the pamphlet had much effect on our village hay-and-corn merchant, who reads little but trade catalogues and, indeed, took it for one. To us, who devour everything that comes through the post, whether it is propaganda for the Arabs, the Jews, the Vivisectionists, the Anti-Vivisectionists, the British Fascists, the Left Book Club, the Square Earth Society, the Round Earth League, British Israel, the Seventh Day Jebusites, the Joanna Southcottists, the Concrete Paving Association, the League of Pure Warm Doggie Hearts, the No Tomato Society, and a score more pamphlets weekly, Dr. Goebbels's opus seemed to overdo the shoutings. So what would be its effect on that growing number of people who are so sick and stunned by continuous propaganda that they can hardly take in anything? For large masses of citizens, one conjectures, saturation-point is imminent, if not arrived at already. Thus do the boys responsible defeat their own ends by driving their audience blind and deaf.

### *Exposé*

ROLLING a rheumy eye on that curious world of the bibliophiles, we perceive with mild surprise that Dickens has saved the sale-room season once again. The MS. of his *Life of Our Lord*, though hardly one of his more inspired works, was bought for America by the indefatigable Mr. Rosenbach for £1400, and this in spite of the simultaneous publication of a very frank book on Dickens, which must have rattled the Dickens Fellowship in no small degree. The truth being that Dickens, redresser of wrongs and soul of generous, glowing humanity, was somewhat of a brute to his wife and family. Having fallen heavily for a little actress, he behaved with even more callousness than chaps in such a plight normally do. This should surprise no one who is aware that practically everybody's nature is streaked richly with good and bad, but it never fails to shock the Island Race, whose heroes must be immaculate. Nobody before Mrs. Storey has dared print the truth about Dickens, or even to breathe on that halo with which the Race has invested him. In our despicable view it is far, far better to know these things, even if it means—as it would—rewriting half the consecrated folklore taught at present in British schools under the label "history."

Bibliophiles are interesting chaps. One year they give £1470 for a first edition of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. A couple of years later, up for sale again, it 's practically chucked away at £340. A missing semi-colon on page 896 of the first edition of Opal Howe-Dopie's *Azimuth* ("100,000,000th thousand. . . . Book of the Month Choice . . .") means you have to pay £150 for it, if you 're ass enough to want it, instead of 8s. 6d. What staggers bibliophiles most, we conjecture, must be the sight of a man actually *reading* a book, from choice.

### *Drought*

APART from those rousing Hindu-Mohammedan riots over the new property tax, of which faint echoes seeped into the London Press, Bombay seems to have taken to prohibition more quietly than New York did, though it is still a little early to judge. We got a big surprise from a sahib the other day who stoutly defended the Government's action, on the grounds that the native toddy-shops were death to the populace. But as he spoke, toying in a club window with a brimmer of the best, his keen blue eyes filled with tears, for he was thinking of the poor devils at the Byculla on their ration of a measly quarter of a bottle of Scotch a day. Not that they 're down to that yet. Colossal stocks of the right stuff were bought up by forceful thinkers of all classes before prohibition came into force, and when those stocks are gone there are more ways of getting round the law than one, as New Yorkers speedily discovered. We shall look with interest for news of the first citizen of Bombay to lose his sight under the new Act.

Science (hurrah for Science !) tells us that everything progresses automatically, and if the speakeasy ever springs up in Bombay there are several desirable improvements which might be indicated by anybody who has experienced the American system. One of the chief of these is that the chap who runs the speakeasy should drink the same liquor as he sells to his customers, to inspire confidence. This custom is practically unknown. The only speakeasy proprietor we personally ever saw gingerly sipping a beaker of his own goods was the owner of a dubious joint on Eighth Avenue, and three customers were playfully but determinedly covering him with guns. It made less noise than a bullet, anyhow, they said when the ambulance had gone.

### *Jape*

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S new film, *The Great Dictator*, on which he has at last started work, owes the nub of its theme very obviously to the Koepenick incident. Bunged into a concentration camp, Mr. Chaplin is given a lot of officers' uniforms to clean. He tries one on, just like that, is mistaken immediately for the Dictator, and apparently has the citizenry and troops of Ptomania at his mercy till he bumps up against the big boy in person. This is to some extent pure Koepenick, if you remember the historic incident—there was a very good German film made of it a few years ago, oddly enough—of the little cobbler who put on a captain's old uniform, was obeyed by some passing troops with robot-like docility, and had all pre-war Germany puffing with laughter except the Military Caste, who had already, in the person of a Prussian lieutenant, run through a careless citizen of Zabern for not sufficiently revering the Army.

But we never can agree with chaps who claim that the Koepenick comedy could happen only in Germany. It could happen—perhaps not quite so richly—to any armed force whatsoever, always barring the Australians, who, accustomed as they are, or were, to telling high-up British brass-hats, bursting with Olympian fury, to go to hell almost daily, would hardly pay much attention to what any three-pip son of a whatnot was trying to make them do, or not do.

**D. B. Wyndham Lewis**

# Riviera Sun Season

## More Lazers and Bathers, Mostly at Monte Carlo

*The Setting for the World's Holidays*

*This is how Monte Carlo beach, the most internationally trod sand in the world, looks from up above at the Country Club. The summer season burst into full swing with this month, and the influx was so great that the Principality's newspaper order was insufficient at the beginning of last week, every newsvendor selling out within a short time of arrivals. The boxing match, promoted by Lord Queensberry, was followed last week by water-ski-ing championships; the next item billed was the university students' games*

*Ducks Suit*

*Osbert Sitwell is the wearer of the ducks suit; he is leaning on the terrace above Monte Carlo Beach. Elder than brother Sacheverell, but younger than sister Edith, he is heir to their father, Sir George Sitwell, who lives across the frontier in a castle near Florence*

*Sunshine Pose in the Piscine*

*This cheerful trio at Monte Carlo is Pamela Meares, Tom Shaughnessy and Anne Stopford. Mr. Shaughnessy is heir-apparent to the seventeen-year-old Lord Shaughnessy, who lives in Montreal; his mother is Mrs. Piers Legh. Anne Stopford is Vice-Adm. the Hon. Arthur Stopford's daughter*

*Pink Suit*

*Pink linen is the material of this trim ensemble, Mme. Paul Cartier the wearer, standing outside the Hotel de Paris. Her autumn plans include, as usual, London*

*Fashion Note by Half-sisters*

*Jacqueline de Broglie and Rosamond Fellowes are half-sisters, daughters by her first and second marriages of the Hon. Mrs. Reggie Fellowes, who is also at Monte Carlo with them. Rosamond Fellowes is now an ex-deb; she was presented by her mother this season*

### *Hotel Step Sitters-Out*

*The couple outside the Beach Hotel are the Comtesse de Maupas and Lady Rhidian Crichton-Stuart, one of the Riviera's many honeymooners ; she was Selina Gerth van Wijk before her marriage to Lord Bute's youngest son, is an accomplished linguist, and thus walked straight into Monte Carlo international Society. Comtesse de Maupas is, by marriage, a member of an ancient Auvergne family*

### *In the Summer, Skaters Take It Easy*

*Cecilia Colledge is not officially in her element in the warm pellucid Mediterranean, but this sixteen-year-old figure-skating champion of Europe is a good all-rounder and enjoys her sea as much as any. She is getting Monte Carlo ultra-violet into her system for another attack on the world championship, now held by Megan Taylor ; she was prevented from competing this year by illness*

### *Meant for the Water*

*Lady Doverdale's simple business-like swim-suit implies—rightly—that she swims in it. A native of Sydney by birth, she upholds that city's traditions of aquaticism, has taken enthusiastically to water-ski-ing*

### *Earned Holiday*

*Lady Horner's clever nephew, David Horner, is basking not only in the sun but in the success of his book, " Through French Windows " ; he has another due now, called " Was It Yesterday ? " His ancestors include Jack who sat in the corner*

### *Not Meant for the Water*

*Marlene Dietrich adopted this pose to show off her remarkable swim-suit, with beach coat to match. She is holidaying at Eden Roc with her husband and their small daughter Maria*

# Films of the Day

## The March of the Movies

### By George Campbell

WHY do people make short films? I often wonder. Shorts, unless they are Disney's, hardly ever attract any notice; and the financial rewards, by other film standards, are miserable. Working for buttons, as the saying is, the producer of shorts has to do without sets, without stars, sometimes without paid actors of any kind. The best that he can hope for, in this country, is a gross return of £700 or £800 to pay for the whole production. Happily, this economy is not without its gains. Unable to pour out money, he is forced to pour out ideas; which is the main reason why short films, like short stories, are conspicuous amongst the best and most vital work being done.

The American *March of Time*, produced with larger resources, is always an interesting example of the drama to be derived from skilfully selected fact. And comedy, of course. One of the funniest films I have seen for years was Ivor Montagu's Communist short on the present Government, with its witty, though perhaps hardly fair, contrast between Cabinet Ministers uttering grave warnings about the need for courage and decisive action and so forth, and the same gentlemen fishing, hoisting umbrellas, and steering not the ship of State, but a toboggan at St. Moritz.

"THE MARCH OF TIME," in its latest number, deals with the history of the movies. The film was made with the collaboration of New York's Museum of Modern Art, which now stands on a site long occupied by the old-fashioned town house of the Rockefeller family. The Museum houses most of the modern arts—painting, sculpture, architecture, still photography, and the moving picture. The director, John Evans Abbott, and his curator, Iris Barry, once one of London's best-known film critics, have spent four years gathering a vast collection of celluloid—milestones in the progress of the youngest and liveliest of the arts. The time will come when pedants will wrangle over the details of the film's beginning as they now wrangle about the beginnings of the theatre and painting. The least of Chaplin's early one-reelers will be treasured like Italian Primitives, and the museum with an uncut *Birth of a Nation* (if there be one) will guard it like a Folio Shakespeare.

"THE MOVIES MARCH ON" gives no more than a side-long glance at the material, but it is both stimulating, as a proof of extraordinary progress in the most derided of the arts, and first-class entertainment. Here are bits out of some of the first films ever made—little plotless incidents, lasting less than a minute, like the May Irwin-John Rice kiss that scandalised audiences forty years ago, as kisses still scandalise the Japanese. In 1903, with *The Great Train Robbery*, made for Edison, we get the first important attempt to tell a story. Here, into ten minutes, were crowded the essentials that were to serve a thousand times. A few years later came simple little sentimental dramas, in which Mary Pickford rose to fame; and simple domestic farce, with John Bunny. (Players were not even named, in that remote period which really was only yesterday. Bunny was "the Fat Man"; Miss Pickford was known to millions as "the Girl with the Curls.") Like most American commentaries, *The Movies March On* shows no consciousness of the fact that the full-length feature film had been evolved in Europe before Griffith's *Birth of a Nation* (1914), notably by the Italians in huge spectacles like *Quo Vadis* and *Cabiria*. Still, there is no denying that Griffith's masterpiece did more than any other production to give the new medium dignity, and lift it from the cheapjack nickel-odeon atmosphere to the level of an art.

"THE MOVIES MARCH ON" is studded with early stars — William S. Hart, greatest of cowboys, potting a crooked gambler; Theda Bara, first of the vamps, in *A Fool There Was*, saying "Kiss me, my fool!" to a middle-aged gentleman about to do something rash with a revolver till he wilts before her gaze like a hypnotised rabbit; Marie Dressler, in *Tillie's Punctured Romance*, with an obscure London music-hall comedian, Charles Chaplin, as her leading man; Chaplin in *His Night Out*, pushing a custard-pie in a Frenchman's face and cleaning his teeth with a broom; clansmen riding past the frightened Lillian Gish in *The Birth of a Nation*; Rudolf Valentino doing his famous tango in *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*; Doug. Fairbanks leaping about the roof-tops in *Robin Hood*; John Gilbert, in *The Big Parade*, off to the front in a lorry, with Renée Adorée trying to hold it back; and John Gilbert and Greta Garbo (lovely and even dignified in a coy little scene that would have made anybody else look absurd), teamed together in *Flesh and the Devil*.

*Flesh and the Devil* (1927) came at the end of an era. That year, the late Sam Warner produced *The Jazz Singer* and, with a black-faced comedian's first howl of "Mammy!", the silent film was dead. Many regret its passing, but instead of moaning, let us remember all that the talkies have given us in wit, eloquence and music, and be grateful.

THE new films are unimportant. *Young Man's Fancy* is a pleasant little period-piece from Michael Balcon's Ealing studios, with Anna Lee as Cinderella, and Griffith Jones as the nobleman whose mother was poor but—cor!—ever so haughty. *It's a Wonderful World* is a fair-to-medium Ben Hecht, with some amusing dialogue and smooth acting by James Stewart and Claudette Colbert.

As for *Les Disparus de St. Agil*, with Erich von Stroheim and Michel Simon, I would be inclined to say that it is roughly half as good as France's best, and twice as good as England's latest.

*The Movies March On*

*As the article on this page describes, No. 4 in Series 5 of "The March of Time" deals with the march of time over the heads of film stars, directors, stories, technique. That mythological figure, the late Rudolf Valentino, appears once more in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"*

*An Early Chaplin*

*In "Tillie's Punctured Romance," the late Marie Dressler had as her leading man "an obscure London music-hall comedian," Charles Chaplin. Chaplin is also shown in "The Movies March On" in a very custard-pie picture, "His Night Out"*

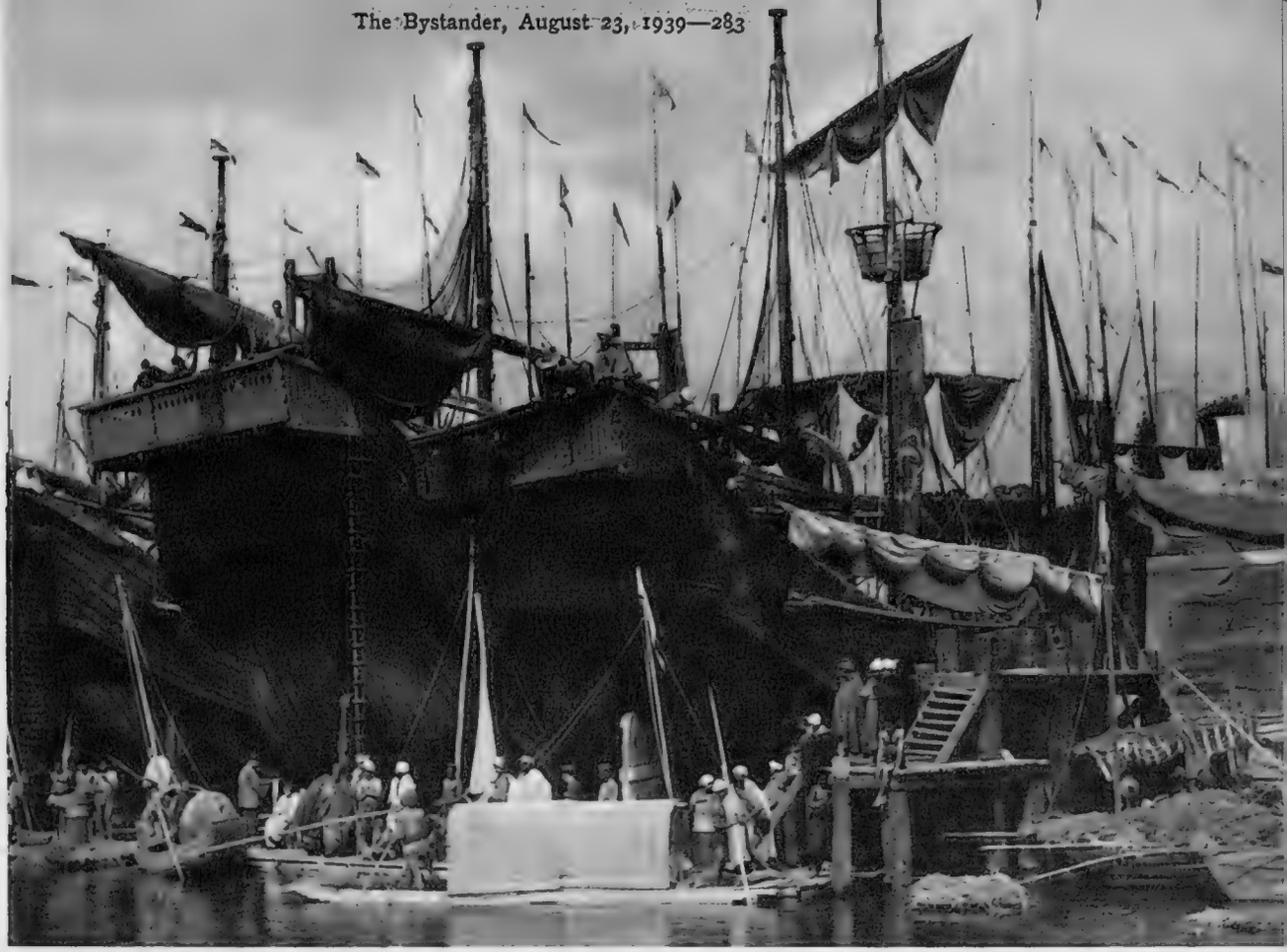
*Death of the Silent Film*

*Al Jolson, who appears in this bad old still to have phosphorescent shirt and gloves, will always be remembered as the man who killed the silent film. "The Singing Fool," "The Jazz Singer," made thousands listen, sobbing, to the talkies' first metallic sounds*

"Well . . . I suppose we'd better buy one"

# "Old Bill" Sees the World: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"There 's somethin' the matter with our shower, Sergeant, we can't get any water"



***Ships*** *by the dozen have been anchored in and on the Denham lake and meadows for the last month or so. Thirty-four sailing vessels, fourteen sampans, scores of rafts are background for the great "Black Ship," standing firmly on the grass of Basra harbour. When she sails, it is the camera crane that moves slowly backwards over the field*

***Conrad Veidt,*** *is Giafar, the Magician who sails away with the captive princess in "The Thief of Baghdad." With him below is Michael Powell, second-unit director who is responsible for the open-air scenes. Veidt (now showing in "The Spy in Black") has had his schoolgirl daughter Viola, home from Geneva, watching him film. But Tyrone Power, not her father, is Viola's favourite star*

The "Bystander" visits

# Baghdad at Denham

*The Thief of Baghdad* has thrown its Arabian Nights' spell over the Korda studios at Denham, since early June, symbolised by the 78-foot mast and huge red sails of the "Black Ship" which are a landmark for passing motorists. It is being made in Technicolor. Korda himself takes a hand in the production, supervising the work of producer-director Dr. Ludwig Berger and director Michael Powell. Baghdad magnificence has influenced even Billingsgate and Covent Garden, where the Korda buyer ordered £80 worth of fish, three van loads of fruit and flowers for the market scenes. On this and the next two pages are pictures of directors, actors and extras earning their daily bread on and off the set

***This old man*** *of the sea had his beard trimmed, as many a sailor has before him, on the deck of his ship*

*Local Colour*

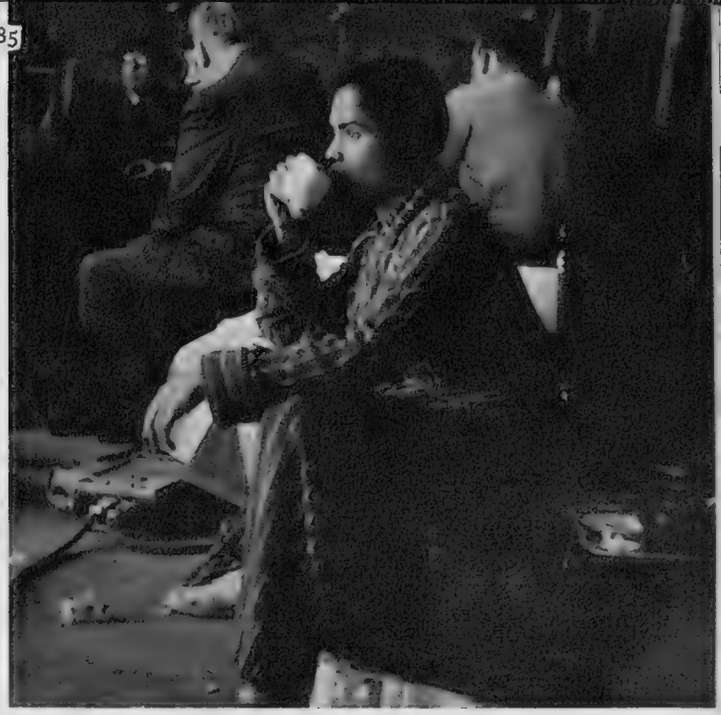
***Coloured extras** by the hundred have been collected for "The Thief of Baghdad," the big Korda spectacle now in production at Denham. Most of them are Lascars from the London docks, sailors, dock labourers, even a few who had owned their own vessels. They have little to learn about the atmosphere of Eastern harbours. Off the set they queue up like school children for lunch in the coloured artists' tent restaurant*

# Baghdad at Denham (Cont.)

***This old Arab** calmly puts on his spectacles and looks at the "Daily Express" pictures between shots. The most important coloured player in the film is Rex Ingram, the American negro who was de Lawd in "Grëen Pastures." He was in the Fairbanks' silent version of "The Thief of Baghdad," came over from New York in June to play the Djinn for Korda*

***June Duprez** was chosen Feathers." While she is a Berger gives her directions for director ("The Waltz Dream" Hollywood, also the Yvonne He has a piano on the set*

***Alexander Korda** has been regularly on the set for the first time since "Rembrandt," supervising all important sequences. He thinks this the most difficult picture he has ever attempted. Standing behind his finger-pointing figure here is Dr. Ludwig Berger*



***Sabu** plays the part of the Thief, minus his famous turban, and wearing only a loin cloth. But between shots he put on a thick dressing-gown and drank cups of hot tea, having caught a cold while on location in Cornwall, where the early sequences of "The Thief of Baghdad" were made*

***Vincent Korda,** third of the three Korda brothers, is responsible for the lavish and elaborate 'Arabian Nights' settings. Here he and a pipe-smoking assistant work through the design-schedule and the script together*

*for the Princess after her success in "The Four captive on the "Black Ship," director Ludwig the sequence. Dr. Berger was a famous Ufa was his), has made several big pictures in Printemps film, "Les Trois Valses," in Paris. which he plays whenever shooting is held up*

***An interpreter** with a microphone follows Dr. Berger about when big scenes are being shot with the coloured extras, and broadcasts the director's instructions in the appropriate language*

***John Justin,** chosen for Ahmred, the beggar-prince, is Korda's newest star. This six-foot youth has spent his twenty-one years between farming in the Argentine (his father is Argentine, naturalised English) and trying to get on the stage. He was in "Dear Octopus," when he made his successful test for the film, now has a seven-year contract with Korda*

"With the Services," No. 23: the "Bystander" visits Donibristle and goes aboard

# H.M.S. Furious, Once a Light Cruiser, Now a Training Aircraft-

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More pictures of
follow next week

graphs by
Parkinson

*A Fairey "Swordfish" takes off from the Furious, watched (in foreground) by officers of the flight command. They are standing in the flying position referred to on the left, and are on the opposite (port) side of the ship from that in the other picture; behind the "Swordfish" is the new island. T.S.R. (torpedo, spotting, reconnaissance) is admirable aircraft for deck-landing training, as it lands at about forty m.p.h. The chief job of the ship's commander during practice is to keep her heading upwind all the time, and when her position necessitates a change of course, practice is temporarily ceased.* ***[To be continued next week]***

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# Warwickshire Family

## Lord and Lady Cromwell and Their Children at Misterton Hall, near Rugby

***David Bewicke-Copley,*** *here with his mother, is the ten-year-old heir to the ancient Cromwell barony. It dates from 1375, but fell into abeyance when the fourth holder, Maud Baroness Cromwell, died in 1497, and so remained until 1923 when it was called out of abeyance in favour of the fifth, and present, Lord Cromwell*

***Philippa Bewicke-Copley*** *and her brother are more often on the lake in a flat-bottomed boat than beside it. She is fourteen this year*

***Three ponies,*** *Bobbie, Cherry and Gill, are an important part of the Misterton Hall stable-full. The whole family hunt with the Pytchley (of which Lady Cromwell's brother, Capt. Philip Cripps, is joint secretary). Their hunters include two which Philippa rides, a grey called Rock Salt, and another with the odd name of Dont*

***Lady Cromwell*** *and her children posed in the drawing-room of Misterton Hall, a comfortable big-windowed room with a piano in the corner and lovely bowls of flowers*

***Lady Cromwell** had no intention of running a race with her children, however much they bullied her. She was Freda Cripps before her 1925 marriage, is the daughter of Major Sir Frederick Cripps, of Ampney Park, Cirencester. Besides her children her chief interests are hunting, racing, gardening, and she collects old gold seals, some of which she wears on a chain bracelet (see far left)*

*Photographs by Swaebe*

***Major Lord Cromwell,** here with his daughter and two of the family's seven dogs, used to be in the K.R.R.C. Now he lives a country life at Misterton Hall, which is at Lutterworth, near the boundaries of Warwickshire, Leicestershire and Northants. He is a J.P. and D.L. for Leicestershire*

***The lily-pond** is full of goldfish now, but in the days when Misterton Hall was a priory it and the lake must have been full of larger fish for Friday dinners. The house itself has been rebuilt and added to many times. Most of the furniture came from Sprotborough, where Lord Cromwell used to live*

*Lee Garmes*

# Hampstead Flowers for Elizabeth Allan

Elizabeth Allan has been Mrs. William O'Bryen for five years. But her home life up to some time ago was fragmentary, for she was filming in Hollywood while her husband had to stay in London. Now the O'Bryens have settled in Hampstead at South Heath, a rambling, gracious old house which its new châtelaine decorated herself. Here she picks roses in a corner of its grounds. Theatre news of these theatrical young-marrieds is that Bill O'Bryen's firm are to present this autumn *Spotted Dick*, with the Hare-Drayton combination—and *Saloon Bar*—with Gordon Harker. At the same time they are looking for a new play for Liz Allan, now that *Quiet Wedding* has ended its long run. Miss Allan is also active in her husband's rival, the cinema: she has completed for Irving Asher, a story of an undergraduate with amnesia, is now making *What Immortal Hand*, from James Curtis's book *The Girl Who Forgot*

"Bystander" Short Story

# Torn Up

## By Norah Stewart-Brown

*Illustrated by Timothy Winter*

THE Lady Olivia Bellamy was a tramp. There was no doubt about it, the lady was a tramp.

She had married three husbands, broken a number of hearts and knocked men down like ninepins entirely for her selfishness, insatiable vanity, and for no other good reasons.

"Torn up," she would say with a laugh, if you enquired after her latest capture. She enjoyed tearing up other people's lives as you or I would tear up an old letter or a bill.

Selfish, greedy, extravagant and heartless, all these engaging qualities were hers. But gay, attractive and the best company in the world—we must give her that.

HER latest husband was Cedric Bellamy, the well-known actor-manager and a matinée idol of almost too long standing. In a moment of panic at being left by her second husband and umpteenth lover at the same time, she had whizzed the unfortunate Bellamy (a bachelor of forty) off to Caxton Hall before he knew what was happening.

However, a lifetime devoted to repertory seasons and hard work, with deserved success among the comparatively simple people of the theatre, left him in no way prepared for the wiles of a well-born adventuress, and he fell madly in love with his wife after she had married him.

Olivia was in process of tearing him up when this story opens, but not quite with the measure of success that she anticipated.

Cedric was growing bored with her tempers and tantrums and finding her close proximity in his life very detrimental to his career, which, like all successful actors, he spelt with a capital C and counted far above everything else in life.

Being a very attractive creature, Olivia usually had trouble in getting rid of her cast-offs. During the tearing-up process there were heartrending reproaches, threats of suicide, and general havoc, all very gratifying to her man-eating instincts, but she was dismayed at the indifference with which her husband seemed to be creeping back into his shell. Only one other victim that she could remember had disappeared into the blue without a word, at the first sign of being torn up. That was Roger Caird, who had vanished to America and was rumoured to be doing well in the radio world over there.

"If only Roger had cared," Olivia punned bitterly to herself, "things might have been different."

Roger adored her, but he suffered from an old-fashioned disease known as pride and, although his life and his faith in women were shattered, he was determined to cheat her out of the public tearing-up she so thoroughly enjoyed.

WHEN Olivia and Cedric met, which was seldom, they fought and stormed and complained. "Pompous old fool!" she would say when he remonstrated angrily about her debts, or what he termed her cheap publicity.

As an actor he had a great respect for the right kind of advertisement, but he very much resented his wife telling the world for £100 how and why she possessed the shapeliest legs in London.

She in turn jeered at his cuttings and his press agent and, if the truth be told, they were both intensely jealous of any publicity the other might chance to get.

Their matrimonial battle was at its height when Olivia decided to visit America. Only once before had she tried her famous wit and charm on New York, and then with no very noticeable result.

The 400 members of exclusive New York society were bored to tears with besmirched titles, and cared even less for an earl's daughter with tramp-like instincts; but a few doors still remained half-heartedly ajar, and Olivia was nothing if not an incurable optimist.

She packed her trunks, booked the royal suite on the boat, and finally parked herself in her habitually luxurious manner at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Things went better than she expected. Her arrival was duly noted in the local Press, and the usual gay crowd of travelling cosmopolitans humming around did much to make up for the indifference of certain Park Avenue hostesses.

On the third day a wonderful thing happened. Olivia had just wakened about midday and, with her face encased in a mud-pack, was thinking out whether mink or broadtail would suit her better for lunch at "21," when the telephone rang and an unknown voice asked incorrectly for "Lady Bellamy."

Olivia, muttering "Ignorant hick!" to her maid, yawned "Who wants her?" and was told "The New Broadcasting Company Incorporated."

The New Broadcasting Company Incorporated apparently yearned for Lady Bellamy to express her valued opinion of New York on the air, and were prepared to pay her a very considerable number of dollars, the amount translated into £ s. d. being as near £500 as makes no matter.

Olivia nearly fainted with joy, as much at the idea of the publicity as the money itself, but her natural vanity saved the situation, and in languid tones she agreed to be called for next day and escorted to the studio.

To put a call through to London and gloat over her husband was more than she could resist.

"What about the matinée idol now, darling?" she crowed. "Could the famous actor get £500 for half an hour's broadcast? What price publicity, my funny? Ha, ha!"

Cedric's mortified mutterings at the English end of the line made an expensive six minutes well worth while.

ELATED at her success, Olivia threw one of her most expensive parties that night and told a circle of admiring friends of her début on the air. "Personality," they said to each other. "That woman's got something." And indeed she had, for the next day she not only received her cheque for £500, but a contract for another broadcast for the same money.

It was all so extraordinarily easy and pleasant, too. She had been called for, as arranged, by a polite young man and taken to a small studio almost like a private office.

Everyone was most helpful and kind. She was told the sort of things to say but encouraged to air her own opinions as much as possible, which she did in her own vivacious and original manner.

She was treated like royalty, and in all her self-satisfied life she never trod so lightly on air in a really wonderful world as when she left that office.

She meant to take the cheque to the bank herself. It was, after all, the first money she had ever earned honestly in her life and she was justifiably proud of it. But a long luncheon, and the fun of regaling her friends with details of her new stardom, made her too late, and she posted it that night.

LIKE a bolt from the blue, the blow fell twenty-four hours later. A head clerk from the bank called at the hotel and imparted the bewildering information that no company known as "The New Broadcasting Company Incorporated" existed, that the cheque form itself was a fake, and the signature unknown.

Did Lady Olivia remember the address of the so-called company or the name of the gentleman who made the original offer?

With a horrible shock she realised that she never had known his name, nor taken the least interest in where she had been driven to broadcast. It was obviously the most terrible hoax and a nightmare of humiliation after all her boasting of her success. She realised too late her ridiculous vanity in ever believing she could be worth so much money. Oh! Why had she ever told Cedric and all those other damned people? But, apart from the personal shame, who could have done it, and why?

Explanation arrived the following day in the form of a long envelope. With shaking fingers she pulled out the contract she had signed a few days previously. It was very neatly torn in two, and on a card which was enclosed was written:

*Torn up.*
*With Roger Caird's Compliments.*

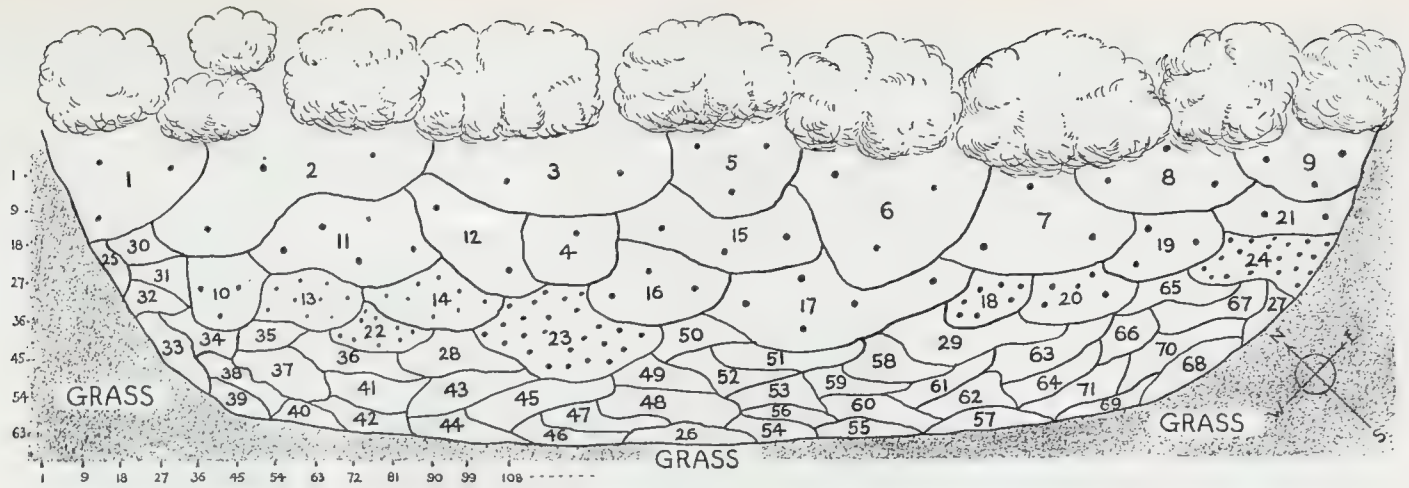
THE END.

# Yachts—*for the use of*

In the International Code, this signal stands for "J.W." and "J.W." stands for the finest Scotch whisky all over the world. A whisky has to be more than good to be chosen by the blenders of Johnnie Walker. Only when it is distilled in the manner dignified by tradition, and matured to a quite miraculous mellowness, can it take its place with all Scotland's best whiskies in the famous Johnnie Walker blend.

*Gentlemen!*

*your* **Johnnie Walker**




A PLAN FOR SPRING AND AUTUMN DESIGN

TREES.

1. Prunus Ukon (yellow; bush).
2. Malus Lemoinei (deep carmine, purplish leaves).
3. Acer rufinerve } (autumn colour).
4. Acer griseum }
5. Sorbus discolor (scarlet fruits).
6. Prunus Kwanyan (double pink).
7. Malus Tschonoskii (blossom and autumn colour).
8. Sorbus Wilsoniana (white fruits).
9. Prunus Ama-no-gawa (upright, light pink).

N.B.—Prunus = Japanese Cherries; Malus = Flowering crabs; Sorbus = Mountain ashes; Acer = Maples.

SHRUBS.

10. Viburnum tomentosum plicatum (snowball).
11. Syringa Souvenir of L. Spæth (purple lilac).
12. Magnolia Soulangeana.
13. Aronia Gloribunda (white flowers, autumn colour).
14. Cytisus præcox.
15. Viburnum opulus Notcutt's variety (white, autumn colour).
16. Magnolia liliiflora nigra (deep purple).
17. Acer ginnala.
18. Erica australis (rosy purple).
19. Syringa Vestale (white).
20. Aronia Gloribunda.
21. Magnolia Lennei (purple).
22. Erica Veitchii (white).
23. Azalea (mixed colours, autumn foliage).
24. Ditto.
25. }
26. } Veronica Autumn Glory (dark blue; 2 ft. apart).
27. }
28. } Veronica Veitchii (royal blue; 4 ft. apart).
29. }

HERBACEOUS PLANTS.

30. Kniphofia aloides maxima (red and yellow).
31. Aster Colonel Durham (mauve).
32. Rudbeckia Newmannii (orange yellow).
33. Senecio Greyii (silver foliage).
34. Aconitum Spark's Variety (deep blue).
35. Aster Barr's Pink.
36. Salvia Uliginosa (light blue).
37. Aster Queen Elizabeth (white).
38. Aster Ultramarine.
39. } Sedum spectabile (rose).
40. }
41. Eryngain planum (steel blue).
42. Aster Thomsonii (mauve).
43. Aster Alderman Vokes (pink).
44. Aster King George (purple).
45. Helenium Moerheim Beauty (crimson).
46. Kniphofia Galpinii (apricot).
47. Aster Bessie Chaplin (mauve).
48. Aconitum Fischeri (soft blue).
49. Aster Mt. Everest (white).
50. Helianthus Monarch (gold).
51. Aconitum Wilsoni (blue).
52. Eupatorium purpureum.
53. Helenium Riverton Beauty (pale yellow).
54. Chrysanthemum rubellum (pale pink).
55. Aster King George.
56. Sedum rubrum.
57. Dracocephalum Vivid (crimson).
58. Helianthus sparsofolius (yellow).
59. Aster Climax (light mauve).
60. Aster Queen Mary (blue).
61. Anemone Japonica (white).
62. Aster Ultramarine.
63. Lactuca Bourgæa (lavender).
64. Rudbeckia Newmannii.
65. Aster Mt. Everest.
66. Aconitum Spark's Variety.
67. Aster Charles Wilson (pink).
68. Chrysanthemum rubellum.
69. Aster Advance (blue).
70. Aconitum Fischeri.
71. Aster Little Blue Boy.

# Gardener's Chronicle

## By R. C. Jenkinson

### *Review*

I HAVE just received a new little book about gardening—*Flowering Shrubs for Small Gardens*, by Selwyn Duruz,* and very interesting it is. The author sets out to help beginners—and he will help others!—in their choice of good shrubs for a garden of limited space, according to soil and climate. Laurel, aucuba and privet and ivy-clad walls are anathema to him: he rightly advocates the use of the best flowering and autumn-colouring shrubs. The first five chapters are devoted to practical information, logically arranged; different uses for shrubs, how to plant, soil, care after planting. These are all useful and simply described for the amateur, with no high-falutin' phrases. Then follow descriptions of various good plants and a calendar and colour chart. The whole work smacks of personal experience and personal choice—and that lends much charm to the book.

IT is good to read about spacing properly discussed: overcrowding is extravagant, and unless a vigilant eye is kept upon the garden, leads inevitably to unshapely growth. Personally, I have an abhorrence of a hoe amongst shrubs; unless used by an experienced hand it will go too close to the main stem and will cut the delicate roots of surface-rooters. I prefer a light garden fork with which to prick over the ground, but best of all is hand-weeding. So many shrubs increase by suckers, and when happy will sow themselves about, both of which are deterred by hoeing. In the plant-description section of the book, may I put in a plea for the discontinuance of the title "Japonica" for the quinces or cydonias? "The japonica" means nothing, especially as cydonia japonica comes from China as well as Japan, and so many plants have that varietal name. While camellias are admirable in half-shade, at Kew they grow and flower most profusely in full sun, and it is surely a little unkind to describe caryopteris as "tender." But to offer criticism is not to belittle. The proof of the pudding is in the eating: I lent my copy to a lady amateur and asked her opinion. It was: "Just what I want. I shall buy it."

### *Autumn Border*

THE time to plan for autumn colour is during the late summer and autumn, while we can actually see what plants are pleasing at that time of year, either in one's own or other people's gardens. Very few shrubs give autumn flower, and of these I will write in a later article. We depend rather upon herbaceous plants, and those shrubs whose fruits and foliage turn early to bright colours. The accompanying design may suggest some suitable plant associations. So I have taken a piece of ground, level or gently sloping to the south-west, with a background on the north-east of trees and shrubs of varying heights: shall we say a plantation on the boundary of a garden? In high summer, were we to pass it en route, perhaps, from rose garden to beds of June-flowering shrubs and herbaceous plants—lupins, peonies, and the like—our eyes would be rested by a quiet mixture of greens on the one side, and on the other a wide, smooth lawn. In spring and autumn, however, there is a different story to tell. The back of this bed—some 100 yards long by 5 yards wide—will be gay with cherries, crabs and magnolias, with other April-May flowering shrubs such as aronia and lilac, rhododendron and azalea and heaths—if there be lime—some brooms and viburnums brought forward in groups to prevent any sense of flatness. The remainder of the ground, containing late-flowering herbaceous plants—herbs in future—will have clumps and stretches of various spring bulbs, tulips and daffodils, muscari and scilla, erythronium (dog-tooth violets), and camassia. As the herbs grow they will hide the dying bulb-foliage, and from August onwards will mingle their flower display with the autumn glory of their shrubby neighbours. But an examination of the plan and its components will best explain my scheme.

* *Flowering Shrubs for Small Gardens*, by Selwyn Duruz. Lindsay Drummond, Ltd.: XIV. + 162. Illustrated. Price 5s. net.

***Maternity problems*** *in connection with evacuation plans were the concern of this committee meeting presided over by the Dowager Marchioness of Reading. Lady Reading is chairman of Women's Voluntary Services, and also joint-chairman of the Personal Service League (see "Bystander," August 9th). Her colleagues here are Miss Bridger, of the Queen's Institute of District Nurses; Dr. Margaret Hogarth; Dame Janet Campbell, whose career and writings have been devoted to maternity and child welfare; Miss Bartholomew, Dr. Harper, Medical Officer of Health for Oxford; and Miss Johnston, W.V.S. Evacuation officer*

***First aid, gas-drill and trans-*** *in women's national service. The was carried out by the Wimbledon hard. They do their transport driving—at Croydon Autodrome, Mechanised Transport Training*

A year or so ago, six women in a small room at the Home Office were trying to cope with the thousands of letters from women of all types and ages, offering the writers' services. From this half-dozen grew the Women's Voluntary Service for Civil Defence, with headquarters at 41, Tothill Street, S.W.1, and a staff of 150, 90 per cent. of them voluntary, under the fine chairmanship of the Dowager Marchioness of Reading. Their task is to organise and direct the offers of voluntary work, still about 10,000 a week, so that each volunteer can do the work for which she is suited by training or temperament, and in her own neighbourhood if she wishes. There are now over 11,000 W.V.S. branches in Great Britain, with a separate headquarters for Scottish workers in Edinburgh

***Interviewers*** *keep Miss Hughes hard at it, sometimes to the extent of hundreds of conversations a day—if bad news in the morning paper stimulates would-be workers into action. Each volunteer is given a paper describing the different forms of Civil Defence for which she can enrol. Volunteers are drafted in approximately the following proportions: A.R.P., 41 per cent.; Hospital Services (nursing and supply work), 20 per cent.; Evacuation, 31 per cent.; Transport, which links all the others together, 8 per cent. Under these five headings, come over forty categories of National Service*

***Public relations*** *are in charge of Mrs. Glanville Benn, wife of Ernest Benn's second son. She was one of the six original voluntary helpers who dealt with the thousands of letters from volunteers which poured into the Home Office last year. All the six, including Lady Reading, Mrs. Montagu Norman, the Hon. Sylvia Moulton-Fletcher and Lady Moyra Ponsonby, still work for W.V.S.*

***Statistics*** *always fascinated Lawrence, and now at W.V.S. quarters she is in her element. to work out the weekly of enrolment in the various of voluntary work all over the Here she marks up a new W.V.S. Dorset, on a chart which shows and size of every branch in every*

*port technicalities reappear over and over again W.V.S. are no exception. This night practice branch, whose sixty-one members work very training—convoy-, night- and heavy vehicle- like the Auxiliary Fire Service and the Corps ("Bystander," August 2nd and 16th)*

***Dossiers** of volunteers, compiled partly from letters, partly from interviews, are the chief W.V.S. preoccupation. The daily post-bag at the London headquarters often keeps Miss Bryant and Miss Penfold (left) busy for several hours, opening and sorting the offers of service from all over the country. Working with them here are Miss Blampied, Lady Reading's secretary, who has the Ca-Cl box-file in front of her, and Miss Gundry*

# Women in Uniform

## No. 10. Women's Voluntary Services for Civil Defence

*Mrs. John head- She has figures branches country. branch in the place county*

***Labelled** with his name, address, age, school, and number of train, loaded with his luggage and gas-mask, four-year-old John Cooper awaits the next move in an evacuation rehearsal. Many of these have now been held and reports sent to the Ministry of Health. One report deals with the distance children can be expected to walk — quarter of a mile is the five-year-old's allowance*

***Evacuation service** includes sticking up posters asking for more helpers. Mrs. Bakewell, wife of a Beaconsfield, Bucks., doctor, found a home for hers on the sixteenth-century cottage of Mrs. Gilder. 100,000 volunteers have already visited 5,000,000 households to compile billeting lists. These volunteers would take charge of the children as they arrive from the danger zone, accompanied by other W.V.S. helpers. The village hall is usually the receiving depot where a glass of milk and a bun would await the hungry young travellers. Mothercraft and infant welfare must be studied by evacuation workers who are detailed to take charge of parties of children en route and at their destination*

# The "Bystander" Bookshelf

## Come Ye to the Waters

### By V. S. Pritchett

Input walking along the tracks of little-used branch railways among the important minor pleasures of life, and for reasons very near to those which Sir John Squire offers for his taste for canoeing on the English canals. There are passages in *Water Music* (Heinemann; 10*s.* 6*d.*) about the utter silences of the lost English waterways which, if the railway lines of England ever become as abandoned as the canals they killed in the nineteenth century, a future writer could transplant without changing a sentence. The moral is that the full acute sense of solitude comes not in the virgin forests, but in places where men have once travelled and lived and now go no longer.

*Water Music* is a good book for a lazy afternoon, livelier (I thought) than the earlier reminiscences, because this muddling about with a canoe across Buckinghamshire, Oxford and Warwick keeps it up to the mark. Like the Cherwell trying to get out of Oxford, he meanders. As one who likes his pint and says so, he has his angry moments—the old feuds of the Georgian poets have an airing and those of us who grew up after the war get it in the neck—but he slides away from his obsessions into his digressions with agreeable vigour, one of Sterne's heartier, more anecdotal descendants. You cannot review a book like this. You can only point out some of the high spots. There is the perfect little Somerset Maugham story about the faded old gambler at Monte Carlo who turned out to be "Zazel, the 'Uman Cannon-Ball," and who had been painted by Watts, of all people. There is the grim story of the domestic life of Mr. Burgoyne; there is Thomas Hardy, allowed for once to sit up in his eighties till two in the morning over a bottle of claret; a vivid little journey into pre-war Germany in the company of one of Rupert Brooke's "temperamentvoll German Jews" who had come over from Canada with a canary and a live lobster to present to her relations. I 'm a liar; the lobster was bought in Flushing—still! The borrowings were worth doing: Sergeant Arabin's *Non Sequitur* must be one of the best in the language:

"Prisoner at the bar, you had excellent parents and a very good education, instead of which you go round the country stealing ducks."

Cheltenham's nickname, "Asia Minor," needs to be kept alive, and Edward Shanks's Harpo Marxist village idiot, too. And, I nearly forgot, there is cricket. This is a very English book, as English as Stilton; not too Stanley Baldwin; but downright, various, and lackadaisical.

With the next two books we get on to salt waters, which "do be of greate depthe and the wylde windes do blow." Mr James Hanley writes better about the sea than any living writer. In *Between the Tides* (Methuen; 8*s.* 6*d.*) he is not "all out"; there are reflective and descriptive essays, but they have the same slow deliberate stamp of reality one found in such stories as *Seven Men* or *The Hollow Sea*. His captains are here more discursive. They regret sail. His men are those who hang about, half eager to be disappointed, in Sailor's Square, waiting for the latest

*Married at Sea*

*John Bentley, writer of detective stories, several about ships and the sea, and Mrs. Ella Campbell sailed on the Manhattan for New York, and were married as soon as the boat sailed. Mrs. Campbell is the daughter of Mr. E. W. Clewey, a Warner Bros. executive*

to be chalked up on the notice-board. The mainstay of the book is the account of a tramp's voyage with a taste of all weathers. I am not always taken by Mr. Hanley's higher moments in the world of unrest, but how he can make an iron door clang, a coffee-tin rattle in the galley, or a man shout a word which the wind swallows up. He has the sense of the ship, but he has a greater sense of the men; the officer frightened by fog, the stoker buried at sea. The description of fog, detailed down to the rime on the woodwork and the plaintiveness of the cabin lights as it thickens, is Mr. Hanley at his best. This may not be one of Mr. Hanley's major works, and he is sometimes out to "learn us a lesson," but it is one he has a right to "learn" us, and it is dour, eloquent and authentic.

"Supercargo," by Earl Whitehorne (Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is simpler stuff, a workmanlike re-telling, in novel form, of one of the sea mysteries. Mr. Whitehorne is an American, and has a right to the story of the Cayolte because he is the son of the man who solved a problem which defeated the seamen of three nations. In 1868 the Cayolte was discovered drifting in the China Sea with masts broken and manned by a crew of starving coolies. Bloodstains and wreckage on board indicated foul play (as the police reporters put it), the captain had gone, and no one could discover from the coolies what had happened or anything about the ship or its history. Every paper had been destroyed. The one clue, if it was a clue, was the full print of a blood-stained hand by the door of the captain's cabin. Well, the story is not a bad one, and while awkwardness in the telling goes against it, and it is not up to Marie Celeste or the Bounty standards, it is readable, and a good deal of the narrative is first-hand stuff.

Unhampered by scruples or that invisible commercial censorship which puts up a smoke-screen about our political life, the Americans have ensured that if you want to know and write about what is happening in England, you had better go to New York. *Sullivan at Bay* (Dent; 7*s.* 6*d.*), for example, is that Mr. Frank Sullivan who consoled us after Munich with *A Week-end at Lady Astor's*:

"Keep your shirt on, honey," I advised. "I never hit a woman with a tiara on yet, and now ain't no time to start."

"I 'll take it off," said Lady Feather, taking it off. "Now you take your glasses off."

For a minute it looked as though Lady Feather and I might mix it, but Neville Chamberlain stepped between us and fixed things up. He conceded his watch and chain to me and gave Lady Feather a half interest in Spain.

But Sullivan's chief line is the cliché, either in simple story form, like the one about the unfortunate love-life of the oyster, or in Public Commission manner. Here is his evidence on the movies:

*Q.* Who said "Nothing matters but our love"?

*A.* Well, let 's see. Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Sylvia Sidney . . . it might save time if I just recited the names of the girls who had not said it.

*Q.* All right, name them.

*A.* To date, Jane Withers, Patsy Kelly, Edna May Oliver, Shirley Temple, Farina, and Minnie Mouse.

*Q.* Who said, "Won't you please try to understand"?

*A.* Those same girls that said "Nothing matters but our love."

Where Thurber's comic world is subhuman and degenerate, like Edwin Lear's, and has the American male's intense and helpless anti-feminism, Sullivan's is precise, the accountancy of ridicule. The Americans beat us at satire because they are free and nothing is sacred.

Novels for the library list:

*Gallipoli Adventure.* John Gilliam (Muller; 7*s.* 6*d.*)

*City of Gold.* Francis Brett Young. (Heinemann; 8*s.* 6*d.*)

# Fashion as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

*Scott Bushe*

YOU 'LL find it 's worth while coming in "dead beat" to have an excuse for dining quietly in this lovely negligé. Not, of course, that you 'll bother about a small matter like an excuse—you simply won't be able to resist wearing it for dinner-at-home. And if just now you are assembling a trousseau, you 'll probably want to order it immediately; so tell the taxi-man "Walpole of New Bond Street." You will find the negligé in the lingerie department on the first floor; it is made in gleaming oyster-blue satin, the most becoming and luminous colour you can imagine, and by way of emphasising its lustre the sleeves are of the dull side of the fabric. The cut is charming; you 'll have to hold yourself properly and sweep about like a film-star, but it won't be any effort at all. You could, if you wished, have the design copied in velvet. Don't leave the department without asking to see their travel negligées. These are made in soft washing materials like shantung, and are most interesting in cut. The Walpole nightdresses are a delight, too. You 'll spend quite a lot of time admiring them, but you need not, however, spend quite a lot of money, for there is a range of beautifully-finished and individually-styled nightdresses at one guinea. "Bystander" favourite was a white crêpe-de-Chine model trimmed with white lace, and threaded through with blue baby-ribbon. If you buy this one, they 'll throw in a length of blue ribbon to tie up your bonny brown hair

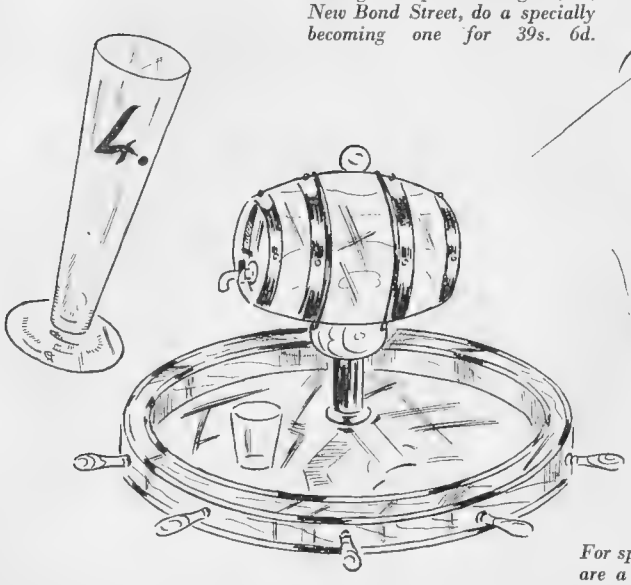
discovered by peta
pictured by pam

# the bystander twins in search of NOVELTIES

*Designed, as the Americans would say, to "add zip" to your plain dark tweed: Asprey's angora woollen scarf and bag to match (21s.). The bag has suède handles and gussets and you can have a knee rug in the same fabric. Specially good for Rugger-fans—and the season isn't too far off*

*Week-enders will appreciate these miniature travelling jewel cases. One for men costs £3 5s. in pigskin. The lady's model is fitted for modern pieces and costs £3 10s. in either pigskin or seal. A registered design by Asprey, of Bond Street*

*When buying your "plain felt" for country hacking or sports-wear, consider the American schoolgirl shape. Finnigans, 17, New Bond Street, do a specially becoming one for 39s. 6d.*



*When "splice the mainbrace" means a short one bring out this revolving oak wheel and brass-bound barrel and invite your guests to draw from the wood themselves. In the case of longer thirsts, numbered lager glasses will save confusion. Both from Rivoli, Knightsbridge*

*For spectator-sporting when you yourself are a fixture, you'll appreciate Finnigan's suède bootees, with thick crêpe soles and comfortable supporting straps (59s. 6d.). Two new scarves are shown: right, a "wallpaper print," and above a sporting print with a fox-hunting flavour (11s. 6d. and 9s. 6d.)*

# Women's Golf:

## Round to Roehampton

### By Eleanor E. Helme

Conditions, Entry Form, and Where to Stay for Bystander Autumn Foursomes are on page iv.

HERE we are, round the year once again, and the entrance form for Autumn Foursomes and all particulars of that hardy annual may be studied on page iv. The annual, as everybody knows, has been transplanted this year to Roehampton, where a seedling has kept the soil cultivated. . . . This is becoming dangerous. Colonel Miller, who *is* Roehampton, is also a great gardener, as all who visit that delectable spot know full well; if I mix my floral metaphors, he may detect it. Better stick to plain facts, which are that BYSTANDER Autumn Foursomes this year will be played as one gigantic match-play tournament at Roehampton only, one hundred and ninety couples, playing limit 30, entries closing September 22nd, play beginning on Monday, October 9th and ending Friday, 13th.

Will everybody please remember that it is Monday, and not Tuesday as it used to be? It would be too grievous if a couple, having been scratched for non-appearance on the Monday, were to turn up bright and breezy on the Tuesday, only to find the competition had begun without them. That is the sort of fate that overtakes players in nightmares, but never, let us trust, in a BYSTANDER event.

Will they also please remember something else—that is, to notify details if they are changing partners, have reduced handicaps, or have had anything else befall them which it is essential that the management should know? Up to the Saturday before play starts, that is, October 7th, all such matters should be communicated to the BYSTANDER Office, 32, St. Bride Street, E.C.4. But at noon on Saturday the office closes. A frantic telegram "Find me a partner," or "Obliged to scratch," reaching the office after that hour will lie there unopened till 10 a.m., Monday, 9th, by which time a dozen matches will have left the first tee at Roehampton. Somebody else, lacking a partner, may have had to give a walk-over, for want of that telegram sitting up in London: some couple may have arisen at crack of dawn and be kicking their heels at Roehampton because of that other one giving them a walk-over. On the Saturday, I myself shall be busily progressing down the Great North Road from Ganton after seeing somebody win the English Close Championship, but, in due course, that is to say, by lunch-time on the Sunday, I shall reach the house of friends at 417, Upper Richmond Road, S.W.15, and from then until 8.15 a.m. on Monday, when I step across the road to Roehampton Club, I propose to sit (and sleep) within call of the telephone, Prospect 2856, prepared to cope with alterations.

DOES this sound fussy, meticulous? I hope not, but one hundred and ninety couples, meaning three hundred and eighty individuals, do present a few possibilities for last-minute changes, and if they all have to be dealt with on the first tee at the moment of starting, it is conceivable that the last match may get off late, the shades of night descend, and with them, chaos. It may be difficult to tear myself from the conversation of my friends to answer the telephone on the Sunday, but much easier than to cope with alterations the next morning. There is also this much to be said for letting me know quickly about alteration of handicap; not priority of entry, but lowness of joint-handicap counts if more than 190 couples enter, and the waiting list will follow the same plan. Only if several couples have the same total, will those who entered first be given first chance.

One more innovation this year; a list of Where to Stay has been compiled and appears with the entrance form. The Forum Club offers visiting membership to those who prefer London; the Manor House Hotel, Upper Richmond Road, is so close to Roehampton that it would be easy to pop back there to lunch; the other two are just the other side of Richmond Park, which means a pleasant run of some twelve minutes to the club.

SO nothing now remains, except to find the right partner and enter by September 22nd. Who is the right partner? How often have I tried to answer that question, and, of course, the answer must depend largely on the temperament of the interlocutor. On the whole, the partner who does not waste your best effort by running you out of holing distance on the green, nor ruin the chance of getting up in two by driving wildly crooked, is the best investment.

*Golfer's Portrait for a Touring Show*

*David Jagger is now in the South of France, but some of his pictures are touring the North of England. They are in an exhibition of paintings by him, his late brother, Charles, and his sister, Edith; the three-man show has been booked by various municipal galleries in the Northern counties. Among David's works are "The Young Golfer," which is a portrait of Joyce Speight, winner of this year's Surrey Foursomes with Mrs. Kenyon. Herewith, sitter, portrait and artist*

*The North Berwick Golf Season Is Begun*

*Two golfers who met one of the ubiquitous North Berwick cameras were Mrs. Uzielli, member of a regular North Berwick family (she is Edward Esmond's daughter), and Mr. Ray Atherton, on leave from his Legation in Sofia—he is U.S. Minister there*

*Mr. Rupert Speir, prospective National Government candidate for Dunfermline Burghs, was on the links with the man whose eye he will have to catch if successful in his candidature, Captain the Hon. E. A. FitzRoy, the Speaker. With them is Miss Speir*

# Grouse Season

***Midlothian:*** *Lord Whitburgh had eight guns in his party at Whitburgh House, Ford, for the 12th. They shot over Raeshaw Heriot, and came in with 97 brace in the bag, one of the best "results" reported in the press for the day. On the whole, Scotland had good weather and good bags on the 12th, though on some moors coveys are still rather young. The host's brother, the Hon. William Borthwick, was on the unwilling pony being pushed into the stony burn above*

***Perthshire:*** *Mrs. Frank Stanley-Clarke was one of the guns in the Smith-Bingham party on the Glenalmond moors. The three women in the party all wore trousers (see above right)*

***Yorkshire:*** *Lady Henry Cavendish-Bentinck took her umbrella and a waterproof hood up on the Deeside moors when she went out to watch her guests shoot the sparse Yorkshire birds*

***Yorkshire:*** *Lord Colum Crichton-Stuart was one of the nine guns shooting with Lady Henry Bentinck, from Underley Hall, her home at Kirby Lonsdale. He is Lord Bute's brother*

***Angus:*** *Lord Forres was out on his Glenogil moors last week. With him here are his elder son, John Williamson, who is nearly seventeen, and his ex-debutante daughter, Jean, who came out last year. Angus moors generally have reported disease ravages, so bags will be light*

**Perthshire:** *Capt. and Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham made their party line up for the photographer before the day's work started over the Glenalmond moors. From the left: Capt. Peter Dollar, Capt. Smith-Bingham, Col. Galbraith, Ian Baillie, son of Major Baillie, Capt. E. Stocks, Capt. Charles Tremayne, Charles Smith-Bingham, his mother, Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham, Mrs. Stanley-Clarke, Capt. Stanley-Clarke, Miss Elizabeth Profumo, Major the Hon. Arthur Baillie*

**Perthshire:** *Mr. and Mrs. Jock Wilson were at Invertrossachs on the 12th to shoot with his father, Sir James Wilson, one of the Perthshire landowners to shoot his own moors. Mrs. Wilson is a Scot herself, from East Lothian, was Zoë Orr before her 1937 marriage. Jock Wilson is heir to his father's baronetcy. Below the line of butts here is Loch Vennacher*

**Perthshire:** *Lord Mansfield opened the season at Logiealmond (South) on the 14th; on the 12th he was shooting with Mrs. T. M. Burrell at Lochan. In the party here are Mr. Alasdair Anderson, Sir Charles Cayzer, Mr. Dewhurst, Lady Flavia Anderson, the Hon. Lady Fox, Lady Mansfield, Mr. John Drummond, Lord Mansfield, and Sir Gifford Fox*

**Inverness-shire:** *Champion boxer Len Harvey was out on the second day of the season with Colonel Forsythe's party at Benachton. He posed for the photographer with a big smile, a brace of grouse, and his amused host. Inverness-shire has hopes of a good season, better than last year*

**Angus:** *an American host in his butt*

*One of the American parties in Angus is at Craig Lodge, Glen Prosen, which has been taken jointly by the James Cronwells and the "Laddie" Sanfords. James Cronwell, the banker, is the lean bronzed sportsman gazing into the heathery distances on the left. Mona Maris, the film star (right), was one of the guns in the party. Mr. Pierpont Morgan, the King's host last Monday, is another American tenant in Angus at Gannochy*

**Angus:** *an American star looks for grouse*

*Launch of the Bluebird II.*

*Donald Campbell, Sir Malcolm Campbell's eighteen-year-old son, launched Bluebird II. for his father early last week, and after tests were complete, the first trial run on Coniston Water was made on Thursday. Attacking his own record of 130·86 m.p.h., made last September on Lake Hallwil, Switzerland, Sir Malcolm rapidly broke it with a prelimiminary 134 m.p.h. on his second day's outing*

*Channel Tope*

*This fine catch of tope was made in the English Channel off Newhaven by Peggy Randall, a film dress-designer. The three fish weighed respectively 27 lb., 33 lb., and 38 lb.*

*Racing Honeymoon*

*Lady Alexandra Beasley went to Nottingham races to watch her husband, Pat Beasley, ride early last week, saw him come in second on Poet's Corner in the Colwick Park Plate. They had been married the week before; she was Lady Alexandra Egerton*

# Sportfolio: Distractions on Land and on Water

*An Irishman Took the Irish Challenge Trophy at Dublin*

*The Dublin Horse Show was attended by nearly a thousand less people this year than last, but the sport was good. Winner of the Irish Challenge Trophy was Comdt. D. J. Corry (Ireland) on Red Hugh, and he took the cup from his Prime Minister. Second to him was Capt. Chevalier on Jacynthe (see next picture)*

*The French Team Took the Aga Khan Trophy at Dublin*

*The big military jumping event at the Dublin Horse Show, the Aga Khan Cup, for international military teams, saw entries from Belgium, England, Switzerland, Ireland, Germany and France. France won, from Ireland (2), and Germany (3), and their team was Capt. Bizard (non-riding captain), Lt. Fresson on Houlette, Lt. de Bartillat on Cambronne, Capt. Cheralier on Jacynthe*

In whatever pertains to outdoor life—
be it motoring or sport — one name
is now predominant, and that is

**DUNLOP**

# J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

## The Ryder Cup Team

I CANNOT see that the golf which has been played this year has given the selectors of our Ryder Cup team any information about the capabilities of the various players which they did not possess before the season started.

As I write, the *News Chronicle* tournament has yet to be played on the course of the East Brighton G.C., and also the *News of the World* tournament, which will be played at St. George's Hill on September 12th-15th; and the Dunlop Metropolitan tournament, which will be played at Wentworth on September 19th and 20th. The *News Chronicle* tournament will have been played before this article appears in print. These three tournaments should assist the selectors to make their final decisions.

The Ryder Cup match will be played this year on the course of the Ponte Vedra Country Club at Ponte Vedra Beach, Florida, on November 18th and 19th. The match will thus be played considerably later than it usually is in America, and this should be very much in favour of our players, who before now have found it very difficult to play their best in America, owing to the excessive heat and the humidity of the air. I am glad to see that our team sails on September 18th, which means that the members of it should have ample time for practice and to get used to the change of climate and diet. Of course, they will have to play with the legal American ball, which is larger, but the same weight as ours.

All the important golf tournaments in which professionals can play have so far this year been won by men who played in the last Ryder Cup match at the Southport and Ainsdale G.C. in 1937, except the Irish Open Championship. Henry Cotton, our captain, should be a good leader, and is not likely to leave himself out of the singles, as his predecessor did. I do hope that Cotton will play the best team at his disposal, and not give all the players a run. It is very nice for all the selected to play in that match, but is assuredly not the way to win golf matches, or, for that matter, any other kind of match. I do not think that the fact that he has never played in a Ryder Cup match in America will make Cotton's job any more difficult.

THE team which I should like to see selected is, in alphabetical order, as follows: James Adams, Percy Alliss, Dick Burton, Henry Cotton, Sam King, Alfred Padgham, Alfred Perry, Dai Rees, Charles Whitcombe and Reg Whitcombe. It is unfortunate that few young professionals, except Rees and King, have done well in the big tournaments. Every member of my suggested team has played in a Ryder Cup match, except Adams, who has twice been second in the Open Championship; and, what is more important, five of them have won matches, and two of them have halved matches.

The only two who have failed to break their ducks are, strange to relate, Alfred Padgham and Reg Whitcombe. Six of my team have played in Ryder Cup matches in America. In the Ryder Cup match at Ridgewood, New Jersey, in 1935, which we lost by eight matches to two, Charles Whitcombe won one point in the foursomes, with his brother Ernest as his partner, and Alliss won the other point by beating Craig Wood by one hole. Perry and Cox both halved their singles. Charles Whitcombe has been unbeaten in the last two Ryder Cup matches, in both of which he was captain of the team, and left himself out of the singles. I expect that there will be quite a number of people who will be surprised that I include Padgham and Alliss, but they are certainly worth their places on their match-play performances.

I am afraid that very often in selecting golf teams for match-play events, too much importance is paid to performances in medal-play tournaments. You will find, if you look through the records of tournaments, that many players who have wonderful records in medal-play tournaments are often at the bottom of the list, or beaten early on, in match-play events.

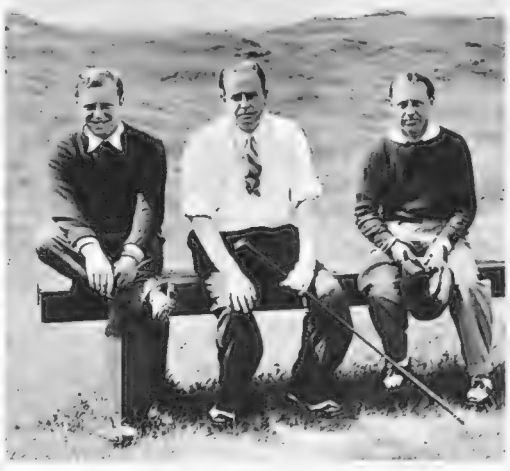
The argument that if a man can play four good medal rounds he must be a good golfer at every form of the game, and should be selected for match-play events, is absolute nonsense, and has been proved wrong time after time, to our cost.

If you look through the lists of winners in the various amateur medal-play tournaments, and then look through the results of matches in the Amateur Championship, you will see what happens to winners of medal-play events, and I am sure you will be very surprised at many of the results. You will find it extremely difficult to believe your eyes when you see that A has been badly beaten by B. A has a big reputation in medal events, while B is seldom in the first twenty; yet B regularly gets through a few rounds in the Amateur Championship, a feat which is apparently quite beyond A's capabilities.

ARTHUR LEES is, in my opinion, not quite class enough for our Ryder Cup team, although he has put up several very fine performances on the golf course, besides winning the Irish Open Championship, and, with a partner, taking Henry Cotton and me to the fifteenth green before defeat. G. M White, of Hollinwell, the winner of the assistants' championship, did very well in the Irish Open Championship, in which he finished fourth, only five shots behind the winner; but at the present time he is not quite good enough, and has not sufficient experience for a Ryder Cup match. I am quite convinced that this year we have more chance of winning a Ryder Cup match in America than we have ever had before.

*The Lord Warden Cup at Rye*

*Cyril Tolley won the 36-holes open stroke competition for the Lord Warden Cup in shorts, his score being 71+73=144. He is with Dr. Gardiner Hill*



*This trio at Rye is G. H. Micklem, runner-up with 73+75=148; W. Lister Hartley, who made third best score of 150; and C. A. Hue Williams, who the week before had won the Lord Reading Cup*

*Lionel Munn's south coast golf has been unsuccessful this year; he lost the Lord Reading Cup at Deal to Hue Williams, lost the Lord Warden Cup, which he has held for three years, to Tolley, by seven strokes. He is with C. L. Donovan*

*G. L. Bates and Captain O. Lyttleton were two more unsuccessful competitors at Rye for the Lord Warden Cup. This tournament was fortunate in having southern England's first fine week-end for two months*

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# The Future of the Airway

## By Charles Ward

### *Passengers or Mail?*

THE airway as a transport line has a great future, limited in its speed of development by the pressure of armament work. Conversely, the vast sums of money spent on research for war purposes benefit civil aviation indirectly, but until peace breaks out, no one can organise air transport on the scale to which it is entitled. Imperial Airways and its junior partner, British Airways, hand over to the new Corporation a legacy of lost opportunities. Lack of finance from the Government, and an attempt to make flying pay, account for the dilemma in which British air transport finds itself to-day. Twenty-two flying-boats are being used to do the work of thirty-six, and, in addition, there is a serious shortage of skilled commanders. On the subject of aircraft, some of the senior pilots suggested the purchase of twenty liners from the Douglas factory in America, some six months ago. These could have carried the bulk of the Empire mail, leaving the boats free for passengers. The imminence of the merger caused this excellent suggestion to be sidetracked, so that to-morrow, the B.O.A.C. starts life with a definite handicap. Of course, the R.A.F. will come to the rescue to cope with Christmas mail, but this doesn't help prospective passengers to the Dominions and Colonies. A good scheme for training R.A.F. crews already experienced in the air and in Service routine, would be to post them, with their aircraft, to a civil route for six months at a time. Long-range twin- or multi-engined 'planes would be invaluable for carrying the mails during the next eighteen months, for it will be 1941 before the British civil air fleet begins to cope with its traffic.

*Jean de Casalis, who holds a pilot's "A" licence, accompanied by Tommy Rose at Lympne. He runs the flying school at Phillips and Powis' aerodrome, Reading, and is one of the most experienced pilots in the country*

### *High-Wing Sales*

THE "Flamingo" from de Havilland's has a start on the American "D.C.5" for service in Europe, and Jersey Airways, its first user, has ordered three more of the same type to link London with the Channel Islands. Both aircraft are high-wing monoplanes, attractive to the passenger in search of a view. Their principal difference is in the undercarriage, the "Douglas" having the tricycle arrangement whereby an "even-keel" position for the cabin is maintained on the ground, whereas "Flamingo" has the conventional chassis with a wheel under the tailplane. The tricycle introduces a good selling point, and its technical progress will be studied with interest by all operators. Royal Dutch Air Lines will standardise the "D.C.5" as a replacement type on European routes.

### *With K.L.M Abroad*

EFFICIENT management, coupled with the courage to buy foreign, as opposed to domestic aircraft, has given the Royal Dutch a lead on several of the world's air routes. For many months ahead, this company, and to a lesser extent, Air-France, will carry British passengers to the Far East. During the first week of this month, twenty-two people flew from England to the East Indies by K.L.M., whose Douglas liners are equipped for eleven passengers through tropical regions. In the West Indies, where British enterprise in the air is non-existent, in spite of our vast business interests, Royal Dutch is increasing its services from Barbadoes to Trinidad, from three to four a week in each direction. The Company's base on Curaçao Island is equipped to carry out complete overhauls and structural alterations. The commercial ties between Holland and South Africa are considerable, and it would not be surprising if an arrangement were made whereby K.L.M. operated from Europe to the Union. In October, a special flight is scheduled over this route, with a Douglas "D.C.3." Passengers will get four weeks in South Africa, with a four-day flight each way.

For further information apply to any Tourist Agency or write to the Secrétariat Général du Festival International du Film de Cannes — Cannes, Alpes-Maritimes, France.

Schweppes
SPARKLING
LEMON
SPARKLING
ORANGE
SPARKLING
LIME

# Motoring Commentary

## By Alan C. Hess

Efforts are still going on towards preserving what remains of placidity in this jittery age. To this end, legislation is constantly alert to the possibility of enforcing greater quietude upon us. The Institution of Automobile Engineers recently showed me over their research department on the Great West Road, where efforts are still being made towards the better silencing of motor-cycles, and now I see that, as from October 1st, new motor-horns are to conform to specified limits of loudness. The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders has been negotiating with the Ministry of Transport for a considerable time, and this is the satisfactory conclusion which has been reached.

This result has been possible by means of a voluntary undertaking which the Society has given to the Ministry, and it is a matter of satisfaction that this has been achieved in preference to an addition in the already considerable number of regulations which the industry has to observe. The present arrangement supplements a previous voluntary undertaking relating to the noise emitted by the vehicle itself. The limits are what are known as 100 phons in the ordinary horn, and 105 in "wind-tone" horns. The public will probably desire to know what this means, and, for their information, 100 phons may be described as being rather louder than the noise experienced in the interior of a tube train with open windows.

That touring—or, at any rate, holiday-making—by car is now a well-established custom is well evidenced by the fact that, despite the many factors calculated to have a depressing effect at the present time, the demands made on the R.A.C. Touring Department are at least as heavy as in 1938, which, incidentally, was a record year in the annals of the Club. The West Country still maintains its position as the most favoured district, but more people than ever before are going to Scotland, and the attractions of Ireland are proving a draw to an increasing number of visitors.

An interesting sidelight on current conditions is that the R.A.C. has received a number of enquiries for evacuation routes.

International doubts and difficulties have had a surprisingly small effect on touring abroad. Last year's figures were set up before the word "crisis" acquired its present-day sinister meaning, and the standard of comparison is therefore an exceedingly high one, but, nevertheless, the figures for 1939 show only a slight drop on last year. Actually, they compare very favourably with 1937. France, of course, is extremely popular, a fact which is not surprising when one realises that a favourable rate of exchange is allied with the normal natural advantages. Switzerland continues to attract motorists in large numbers. The Scandinavian countries have their devotees, and Spain is once again open to receive visitors.

Nowadays motor touring abroad is not an adventurous proceeding, the facilities provided by the R.A.C. and other bodies having enormously simplified the process of "going foreign." It is small wonder that the Foreign Touring Department of the Club is at this time of year working at high pressure, satisfying the demands of members anxious to experience the thrill of travel in foreign lands.

Two more manufacturers have announced plans for 1940.

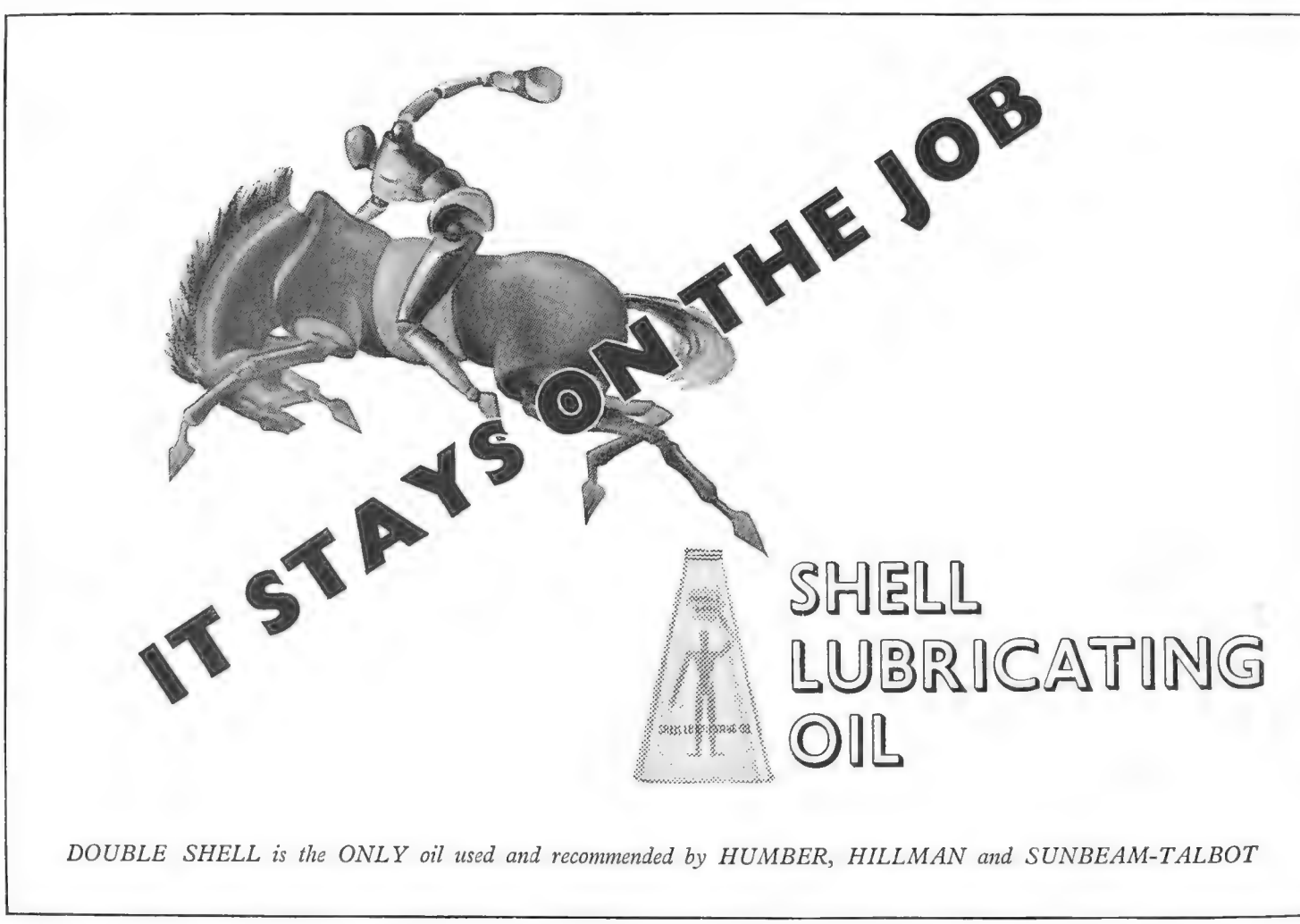
The Wolseley policy of introducing new models as and when desirable, instead of doing so at some specific season, is being adhered to, with the result that the whole of the present Wolseley range is being maintained during the coming year. A few detail improvements for the existing models are announced, however, an example of which is the fitment of piston-type shock-absorbers on the 12-48-h.p. models, and tubular steel frame front seats. On the 14-60-h.p. Wolseley for 1940 the new wind-tone type horns are to be concealed beneath the bonnet.

The Singer Motor Company announces as a preliminary to the full revelation of its plans for 1940 that the 9-h.p. "Roadster," introduced so successfully last March, will be continued in its present form during 1940, at its present price of £169.

Next Saturday we again have racing at the Crystal Palace. The big race of the day is that for the Imperial Trophy, and an excellent entry has been received.

It will be remembered that the Crystal Palace lap record was pushed up beyond the 60-m.p.h. mark for the first time last month, and practically all the possible candidates for fresh lap records are running again, including the present holder, Raymond Mays (speed, 60·97 m.p.h.), whose 2-litre E.R.A. has now broken no fewer than four course records this year—Shelsey, Prescott, the Palace, and Campbell Circuit.

In addition to the Imperial Trophy Race, the card includes the Imperial Plate for sports cars, and the Vintage Cup race for pre-war veteran cars. So that everyone can get there in time, the start of the first race has been fixed for 3.30 p.m.



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# Août of Season? Never!

or—I lift up my finger and I say: "Huîtres! Huîtres!"

There's not a month in the year when oysters are not in season at Prunier's — perfect Portuguese, rare Blue Points all the year round. Brittany's Summer Oysters, brave Belons and marvellous Marennes arrive at the end of August, with proud Natives all ready for their own exclusive season. And if you wish, "Huîtres" are included in our Souper Intime at 6/6 *prix fixe!*

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# YOU WOULDN'T BUY HALF A CAR

—and not bother to enquire about the other half. Yet many men buy shoes and take a chance on the leather—which means half the shoe, and half its cost. Why risk unbranded leather? Choose shoes of VEEBEX leather. So soft and pliable it lends itself to the shape of your foot, so tough it stands hard work and resoling again and again. It's well worth looking for the name VEEBEX Leather on the tie-on label. Specially suitable for golf.

*Wm. Paul Ltd., Oak Tannery, Leeds*

*Look for the name* **Veebex**

LEATHER FOR WEEK-END SHOES

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# BELGIAN COAST!

**Where everyone is HAPPY, PEACEFUL and SMILING**

**40 MILES OF GOLDEN SANDS WITH PERFECT SEA-BATHING**

- **SO NEAR**
  A Continental Holiday right on your doorstep. 1 hour by plane by 2 services daily per SABENA (information from Imperial Airways).
  3-hour Sea Passage by DOVER-OSTEND luxury boats of the Belgian Marine. 3 services daily. Night crossing while you sleep by L.N.E.R. HARWICH-ZEEBRUGGE service.
- **SO GAY**
  4 Casinos with Roulette Baccara. Renowned artistes of song, music and Dance . . . 100 Dance Halls . . . Theatres, Varieties, Beauty Contests . . . New Pier and Variety Pavilion, Festivities, Galas, Shows, Battles of Flowers . . . Cafés, Brasseries, Tavernes, with every kind of gay entertainment.
  2 Race Courses with daily racing . . . 5 Golf Courses with numerous Cup Competitions . . . 500 Hard Tennis Courts with International Competitions . . . Horse Riding, Sand Yachting, Cruising, Coursing, Fishing, etc. No one mentions "CRISES"!
- **SO CHEAP**
  600 Modern Hotels and Boarding Houses to suit all purses. The cost of living in Belgium is the cheapest on the Continent, for the £ is worth 25/-.
- **SO FRIENDLY**
  A cordial welcome awaits you. Everybody speaks English in Belgium, where they are busily preparing for the Royal Tour of Their Majesties in October.

**PARLIAMENT IS TAKING ITS HOLIDAY NOW—WHY NOT YOU?**

*Some other points to interest you:*

**The Memlinc 5th Centenary Exhibition at Bruges; International Water Exhibition at Liége. Tourist Voucher reductions. Special facilities for Motorists taking their cars with them.**

*For all information, special free folder, services, fares, etc., call or write—*

**Belgian Railways & Marine, 99, Regent Street, W.1; Southern Railway Continental Enquiry Office, Victoria Station, S.W.1; L.N.E.R. Continental Office, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.2, or 71, Regent Street, W.1; A.A. or R.A.C., Imperial Airways, Airways House, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1, or any Travel Agency.**

The "Bystander"

# LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(18th Year)

**at Roehampton, Monday, October 9th to Friday, 13th, 1939**

*(By kind invitation of the Club)*

HOLDERS OF CHALLENGE CUPS: MISS JOY WINN AND MRS. ARMSTRONG

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Friday, September 22nd, without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by postcard.

On September 22nd, the 190 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match-play knock-out tournament, the eight couples with the lowest joint handicaps being seeded. The remaining couples will be placed in order of handicap on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled. All entrants will be notified of their position during the first week of October. Playing limit for any couple, 30 L.G.U., but couples over that may play on 30. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps, and to alter or amend any of these conditions. Play under 3/8ths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above in a knock-out match-play tournament. Halved matches to be played to a finish, the strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of any player's partner failing, she may substitute another up to the time she starts play, if she notifies the change in writing as soon as possible. Or she may ask to be given a partner if one is available. Alteration of handicap should also be notified at once.

*As this office closes at noon on Saturday, October 7th, alterations which cannot reach Miss Helme by then should be addressed to her at 417, Upper Richmond Road, London, S.W.15, or telephoned to her there* AFTER NOON *on Sunday, October 8th (Prospect 2856), so that she may deal with them before play starts on Monday morning.*

Challenge Cups to be held for one year (holders: Miss Joy Winn and Mrs. Armstrong), and replicas will be given to the winners, prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

## AUTUMN FOURSOMES AT ROEHAMPTON

WHERE TO STAY

THE FORUM CLUB, 6, GROSVENOR PLACE, HYDE PARK CORNER, S.W.1, Telephone: Sloane 6191, offers Visiting Membership, which includes the privilege of staying at the Club, to competitors. Single bedroom from 7/6 a night, meals extra as ordered. Apply to the Secretary, the Forum Club. (Roehampton Club is 20 minutes by car from the Forum; or 40 by bus and tube.)

The following hotels, recommended to competitors not wishing to stay in London, offer special terms as under:

IVY HALL HOTEL, PETERSHAM ROAD, RICHMOND. Telephone: 0435 Richmond. Twelve minutes by car across Richmond Park. 12/6 a day, including all meals; dinner, bed and breakfast, 10/6; bed and breakfast only, 8/6. Apply Manageress.

LAWRENCE HALL HOTEL, HAM COMMON, SURREY. Telephone: 3465 Kingston. Twelve minutes by car across Richmond Park. 10/6 a day, dinner, bed and breakfast. Lunch, 2/6 extra. Apply Manageress.

THE MANOR HOUSE PRIVATE HOTEL, 460, UPPER RICHMOND ROAD, PUTNEY, S.W.15. Telephone: Prospect 2484. *Two minutes from Roehampton Club.* 12/6 a day, including all meals. Apply Manageress.

ROEHAMPTON — NO ENTRANCE FEE

THE "BYSTANDER" LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES (Eighteenth Year)

## ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss E. E. Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, September 22nd

**The "Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—Roehampton, Monday, October 9th to Friday, 13th**

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

*Please enter*

*Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

*of* .....*Club L.G.U. Handicap*.....

*Home Address*.....

.....*Telephone number*.....

*To play in the above handicap foursomes with*

*Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

*of* .....*Club, L.G.U. Handicap*.....

*Home Address*.....

.....*Telephone number*.....

Please notify change of partner, handicap, or address in writing to Miss Helme, as above, up to noon on Saturday, October 7th; or by telephone (Prospect 2856) after 12 noon on Sunday, October 8th

*The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon Sec of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-24, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — AUGUST

*Name* *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

*Address* .....

.....

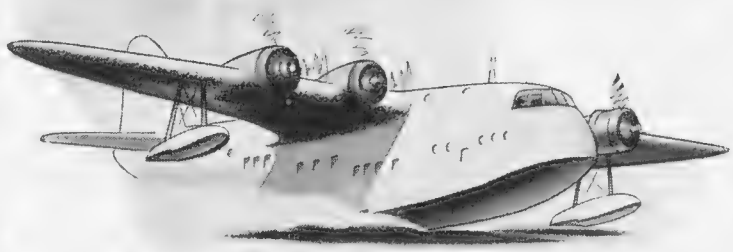
Pintail Sherry

72/- per dozen bottles carriage paid.
Sample bottle, post free, 6/-

*If your merchant does not stock it write direct to:—*

MATTHEW GLOAG & SON, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.





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ADDRESS .....

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PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES **MEDIUM OR MILD** PLAIN OR CORK TIPS 10 for 6½ 20 for 1/0½ 25 for 1/4

N.C.C. 5021H

*Thornhill — Castillo*

*Lieut. Peter John Thornhill, R.N., and Marie Louise Castillo were married at Brompton Oratory. He is the son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. C. Thornhill, of Haydon's Orchard, Weston-sub-Edge, Glos. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Castillo, of Malta*

*Jeffrey — Goldthwaite*

*James Sneddon Jeffrey, son of Sir John and Lady Jeffrey, of 9, Cluny Gardens, Edinburgh, and Mary Goldthwaite, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Goldthwaite, of Alabama, U.S.A., were married in the King's Chapel of the Savoy. Sir John Jeffrey was Under-Sec. for Scotland 1933-37*

*Shrubsole — Chisman*

*Lieut. John C. Shrubsole, R.N. (Fleet Air Arm), son of Commander and Mrs. H. Shrubsole, of Bedford, and Yvonne Chisman, daughter of the late H. F. A. Chisman and Mrs. Chisman, of Hembridge, Newbury, Berks., were married at All Souls', Langham Place*

# Getting Married

## The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

*Ian Blackadder Pirie, son of David Pirie, of the West House, St. Andrews, Fife, and the late Mrs. Pirie, and Norah Blanche Benson, daughter of the late Rev. A. H. Trevor Benson, and Mrs. Trevor Benson, of Clifton Cottage, Ashbourne, Derby, at Holy Trinity, Ashbourne*

*Pirie — Benson*

*Pink — Van de Weyer*

*Sq.-Ldr. Charles Richard John Pink, R.A.F., son of the late Air-Commodore R. C. M. Pink, and Mrs. Pink, of Laylands, Salisbury, and Daphne Joan Van de Weyer, daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Van de Weyer, of Clyffe, Dorchester, Dorset, were married at St. John's, Tincleton, Dorset*

*Walker — Magee*

*Captain David Walker, Black Watch, A.D.C. to the Governor-General of Canada, son of Mr. and Mrs. Giles Walker, of Over Rankeillour, Cupar, Fife, and Willa Magee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allan A. Magee, of 3767, Cote des Neiges Road, Montreal, were married at St. George's, Montreal*

*Baker-Carr — Beattie*

*Capt. Robert M. T. Baker-Carr, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Maj. H. B. F. Baker-Carr, of Church Place, Eversley Cross, Hants., and the late Mrs. Baker-Carr, and Evelyn Beattie, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Jordan Beattie, of the Whins, Callander, Perthshire, were married at St. Andrew's, Callander*

Fayer

## Ann Paterson

*Ann Sarona Penelope Paterson, elder daughter of Lieut.-Col. T. S. Paterson, late the 19th K.G.O. Lancers, is engaged to Robert da Costa, only son of Mr. and Mrs. da Costa, of Beacon House, Hindhead, and 10, Rutland Court*

## Nancy Heslop

*Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Heslop, of the Corbyn Head Hotel, Torquay, Devon; she is engaged to Captain Stewart Brown, R.A.M.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stewart Brown, of 11a, Thirlestane Road, Edinburgh*

Fayer

## Joan Dampier

*Is the only daughter of the late Gerald Robert Dampier and Mrs. W. H. Webb, of 1, Lathbury Road, Oxford; she is to marry Captain Woodford John Norman-Walker, M.B.E., R.A., eldest son of Col. and Mrs. J. Norman-Walker, of The Coombe, Streatley, Berks.*

Pearl Freeman

## Barbara Bradley

*Is the eldest daughter of Canon W. E. and Mrs. Bradley, of Field Head House, Outgate, Ambleside, Westmorland; she is to marry Paul Knox Hodgson, R.A.F., eldest son of the Rev. and Mrs. J. V. Hodgson, of Elton, Peterborough*

Pearl Freeman

## Gillian Patterson

*Is the younger daughter of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. J. F. C. Patterson, of Spital House, Blyth, Notts., and is to marry Captain Richard E. Lloyd, son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. E. Eyre-Lloyd, of Magdeken, Hythe, Kent*

## Margarette Greenland

*Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Greenland, Tientsin, North China; she is engaged to, and will shortly marry in Nigeria, Kenneth P. M. Carter, 20th Lancashire Fusiliers, son of the late Maj.-Gen. B. Carter, and Mrs. Carter, of Ganderbal, Newbury, Berks.*

Pearl Freeman

## Mary Whitmarsh

*Is the only child of Mr. Alex Whitmarsh, and Mrs. Reginald Blackmore, of 12, Roehampton Gate, S.W.15; she is engaged to Peter Halford, son of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Halford, of Viceroy Court, Regent's Park, N.W.*

Lenare

## Diana Longridge

*Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Nepean Longridge, of Lympstone Grange, near Exmouth, Devon; she is engaged to Francis John Antill Pockley, elder son of Dr. and Mrs. F. G. Antill Pockley, of Sydney, Australia*

Bassano

## Esmé Eleanor Howard

*Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eliot Howard, of Clareland, Stourport-on-Severn, Worcs., and is engaged to the Rev. John William Fletcher Boughey, elder son of the Rev. P. F. and Mrs. Boughey, of The Vicarage, Soham, Cambs., and Narborough House, West Norfolk*

Lenare

## Stella Onslow Hughes

*Is the daughter of the late T. O. Hughes, Indian Political Service, and Mrs. Hughes, of 16, Brockman Road, Folkestone; and is to marry David Ronald Foster, The Royal Berkshire Regiment, son of Lieut.-Col. R. T. Foster, D.S.O., and Mrs. Foster, of The Cottage, Peasemore, Berks.*

## Joan Peacock

*Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Preston Peacock, of Rose Lea, King Lane, Leeds; her fiancé is Kenneth Thorburn Beaumont, of Travancore, India, second son of the late J. E. Beaumont and Mrs. Beaumont, of Ranmoor, Sheffield*

Fayer

## Leila Madeline Lang

*Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Lang, of 65, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7, and is to marry Edward Collingwood Thorold Holmes, second son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. S. Holmes, of Tandridge Hall, Surrey*

ABDULLA IS AND ALWAYS HAS BEEN AN ENTIRELY BRITISH FIRM

# *A Famous Edwardian Roué . . .*

was widely believed to have three baths every morning. The first, the story went, evaporated when he got into it; the second he drank, and the third he washed in. A nephew of this engaging character recently visited our Bond Street* shop.

He mentioned that some years ago he had smoked three Abdulla No. 11 in quick succession. After the first one he realized that he'd got hold of something rather special; after the second he wondered why he hadn't tried them before, and after the third No. 11 had enslaved him for life. We explained that as Abdulla were always given the first pick of the whole Oriental tobacco crop their cigarettes *ought* to be good. When we added that by smoking Abdullas he helped the government to tilt the balance of trade in desirable directions owing to the British trade agreement with Greece, he said that this was the nicest form of National Service he'd yet struck.

# *Abdullas for choice*

**Our headquarters are in Bond Street, but you can buy Abdullas anywhere in the world.*

## AMUSEMENTS

**COLISEUM.** Charing Cross. (Tem. 3161.) Monday, August 21st Nightly 6.30 and 9
One Week Only. The Daring Farce
"ALMOST A HONEYMOON"
Prices: 1/, 2/-, 3/-, 3/6 and 5/-.

## SCOTTISH HOTEL

**NORTH BERWICK** **The MARINE HOTEL**

ONE OF THE MOST DELIGHTFUL HOTELS IN EUROPE

Situated on the Firth of Forth, overlooking sea and Golf Course. 23 miles from Edinburgh, and within easy reach of Scotland's most famous beauty spots. Every facility for outdoor and indoor enjoyment awaits the visitor. Hot and cold water in all bedrooms. Many private suites. Garage in grounds. Illustrated Tariff on application. *Manager:* W. A. THIEM. *Telephone:* 366

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### FRANCE

**Antibes.—Grand Hotel du Cap D'Antibes** et Pavillon Eden - Roc.—Unique situation, between Cannes and Nice.

**Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.**—Free bus service with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis. Swim. Inc. fr. Frs. 120, with bth. fr. Frs. 140.

**Le Touquet.—Hotel de Anglais.**—In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

**Le Touquet (P. de C.) Golf Hotel.** — Facing links. New Lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

**Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.**—Facing Sea, opposite Swimming-pool. 1st-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

**Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera.–Navirotel.**–Near Cannes golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illus. booklet with trms.

**Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.**—1st class. Sea front. Fac. Casino gdns. Weekly terms inc. tips and tax fr. £3. 10. With priv. bath £5

**Villefranche - sur - Mer.—Welcome Hotel.**—Facing sea, near beach, Yachting, Fishing. Very comfort. Pension from 50 frs.

### GERMANY

**Baden-Baden (Black Forest)—Brenner's Parkhotel.**—Family Hotel de Luxe.

**Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.**—Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

**Bad Gastein.—Hotel des Kaiserhof.**—First-class hotel, situated amidst own park.

**Bad Gastein.—Hotel Straubinger.**—First-class family hotel. 200 rooms. Thermal bath in hotel, garage. Pension from R.M. 10 up.

**Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.**—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kurpark. 150 rms. 50 baths. Pension fr. R.M.11.

**Cologne.—Schweizerhof, Victoriastr. 11.**—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage, A.A. Htl., quiet sit. Inclusive terms from R.M. 7.00.

**Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.**—The ldg. Hotel. Dir. pos. on River Elbe. Gdn., Pk., Terraces. Bar, Orch., Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

**Düsseldorf.–Breidenbacher Hof.**–L.h't.W'ld ren'd. Fav.home of intern.soc. Fam." Grill." Am.bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6, 75 Pr.B.fr.9.

### GERMANY—*continued*

**Franzensbad. — Hotel Königsvilla.** — The leading Hotel. Near bath-houses and Springs. Own large Garden.

**Franzensbad, Sudetenland.–Hotel Imperial.**–World-known. Close to Springs and baths. Season 15th April to 15th Oct. Tel. 35.

**Garmisch-Partenkirchen** (Bavarian Alps).—**Park-Htl. "Alpenhof."**—Ldg. htl., best cen. sit. Ev. com. Pros. thro' Prop., Hanns Kilian.

**Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.**–The latest and most perfect Hotel building. Select home of International Society and Aristocracy.

**Munich.–Grand Hotel Continental.**–Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

**Munich.**—The new **Hotel Excelsior** (near the Hauptbahnhof).—First class, modern, quietly placed. Rms. fr. R.M. 3.50 onwards.

**Stuttgart. — Hotel Graf Zeppelin.** — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

**Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.**–1st-cl. fam. hotel. 310 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf, tennis. Garage. Pension from Mks. 9.

**Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.**–World-rnd. Finest pos. op. Pk. and Wiesbaden Springs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. from Mks. 12.

**Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel.** — First - class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every pos. comfort. Own bath. Estab. Pens. fr. R.M.10.

**Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.**–World-renowned. Opposite Park and Spring. Own bathing estab. Pat. by best Soc. Pens. from Mks. 12.

**Wiesbaden.–Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.**–(Four Seasons.) Select home of Society. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. fr. R.M. 12.

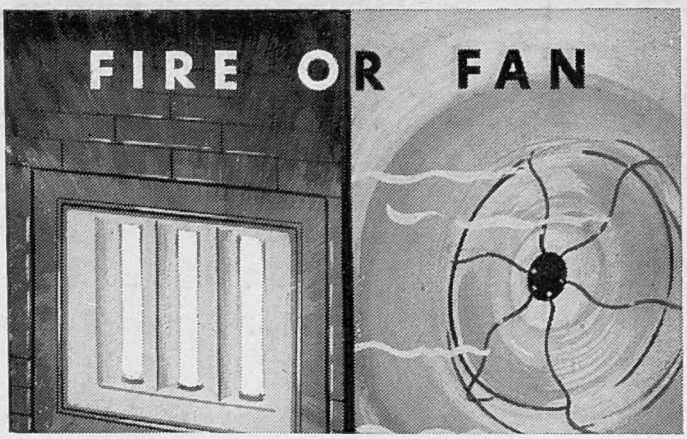
### POLAND

**Warsaw.—Hotel Bristol.**—250 rooms. Every modern comfort. 90 priv. bathrooms. Garage. Restaurant. Dancing. Cocktail-Bar. Garden.

### SWITZERLAND

**Baden-Spa (nr. Zurich) Verenahof & Ochsen** 1st-cl. highly cultured family htl. Mod. com. 100 med. (therm.) baths in the htl. Mod. tms.

**Davos. — Palace Hotel.** — Summer 1939. Rooms from Frs. 6. Full board from Frs. 15. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 feet.




Put a layer of air next to your skin and you will be *insulated* against temperature changes. Wear Aertex, made up of myriad air cells. Aertex enables the skin to breathe, protecting the body against temperature changes: keeping you healthy and comfortable while the weather does its worst.

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## CONTINENTAL HOTELS AND RESORTS—*continued*

### SWITZERLAND—*continued*

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**Glion** (2200 ft. ab. sea-level).—**Grand Hotel & Righi Vaudois.**—Lead. Hotel, view of Lake Geneva. Ten., Gar. 15 min. fr. Montreux.

**Gstaad.—Bernerhof.**—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food & comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Terms from Frs. 11.

**Klosters.—Sport Hotel Silvretta.**—4,000 ft. Orch. Danc. Pens. fr. 15.— Electrically-htd. swim.-pool. Tennis. Walking. Mountaineering

**Lausanne.–Belvedere Hotel.**–Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.

**Lausanne.–Hôtel Meurice.**–On the lake, 100 beds. The best first-class hotel, entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage, Garden.

**Lausanne.—Ouchy—Hotel Du Château.**—First-class hotel in own park on the Lake. Room from Frs. 5 up. En pension from 12 up.

**Lausanne. — Palace-Beau-Site Hotel.** — Up to date, ideally sit. Ex. cuis. Bar-Grillroom. Orchs. Reas. rates. Lucien A. Poltera, Dir.

**Lausanne.—Hotel Royal.**—Super first-class. Univ. sit. Sunny park. All rooms with priv. lav. Ex. cooking. Inc. terms from Frs. 16.

**Lausanne. — Victoria.** — First class. Magnificent view on lake and Alps. Rooms from Frs. 5. Inclusive from Frs. 12.

**Lenzerheide.–Grand Hotel Kurhaus.**–Leading 1st-class Hotel. Best pos. Large private park. Open-Air Restaurant. Terms from Frs. 13.

**Lenzerheide** (Grisons).—**The Schweizerhof.**—In own large park. Most beautiful Alpine scenery. Ask for prospectus. F. Brenn, Propr.

### SWITZERLAND—*continued*

**Locarno.–Parkhotel.**–Select. Quiet. Sunny. Large Park. Terms from Francs 13. Prospectus through the Proprietor, M. Hagen.

**Lucerne.—The Palace.**—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation. Directly on lake shore. Quiet—yet central. Full pens. fr. Frs. 15.50.

**Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.**—First-class. Best view, full sth. Own priv. swim. pool. Open-air rest. Mod. prices.

**Montreux.—Hotel Excelsior.**—Best lake-side sit. 100 rms. all South with balcony. Ideal for peaceful, comfort. stay. Wkly all incl. tms. in £

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